RADIOHEAD
world service
ISSUE 4
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the trickster

rust in the mountains
rust in the brain
the air is sacred here
in spite of your claim
up on the roof tops
out of reach
trickster is meaningless
trickster is weak

he's talking out the world
talking out the world
hey! hey! hey! this is only
halfway
hey! hey! hey! this is only
halfway

i wanted you so bad
and i couldn't say
all things fall apart
we wanted out so bad
and we couldn't say
these things fall apart

we're talking out the world
talking out the world

hey! hey! hey! this is only
halfway
hey! hey! hey! this is only
halfway

truant kids a can of brick dust worms
who do not want to climb down from their chestnut tree
long white gloves police tread carefully
(escaped from the zoo)
the perfect child facsimile is
talking out the world
talking out the world

hey! hey! hey!
hey! hey! hey!

words by radiohead, published by warner chappell music
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Radioheadlines...Radioheadlines...Radiohead

...John Leckie was interviewed on Radio 1's *Soundbites* and had this to say about The Bends: "The Radiohead record I'm very proud of, because it's very much a photograph of the band at the time. Radiohead is, probably, musically very simple, but what's important is what's put in to that one chord. Thom would be rolling on the floor putting everything he could into his vocals and he can't do it any other way. He can't just stand there with the headphones on and sing because it just won't come out. And the same with Jonny as well, the guitarist, he would almost fall around the studio, stumbling the way he does on stage. Every take he would do would be different. It was almost like it was beyond his control. Radiohead are probably the most passionate band that I've ever worked with, really."... Robert Smith was also heard on R1, extolling the virtues of said lp, saying that although it's been out for over a year, he still listens to it "and there's very few albums that stay on my cd player for that length of time."... The band spent the autumn in the studio to record the majority of tracks for the next album, and were intending to get the mixing done during November and December. Many of the new tunes were road-tested on the Alanis Morrisette tour and at least three quarters of the album has already been played live. Any of you who managed to catch a gig last year will confirm that the new material is blinding. With any luck we'll be seeing the results of all their hard work relatively soon... The Bends does appear to crop up everywhere you look these days – even Safeways stock it now. We've also noticed that nearly every time a track gets played on the radio, it's a listener's choice!...

headlines...Radioheadlines...Radioheadlines..

Competition Three!

And the winner of the deluxe jacket and the two 12"s is...

Alice Lee, of Surrey

Receiving free subscriptions are...

Emily Hyatt of Nottingham and
Richard Arthur of Leicester

Heyalp! Heyalp! Save me from the Hooded Claw!

We desperately need help to keep this fanzine running. We mainly need someone to type all the copy in Word for Windows, but could really do with any assistance you may feel you can offer. We always welcome written contributions and seem to be permanently short of photos, so if you're interested in lending a hand, please write to Paul Prentice at the usual address saying what it is you're willing to do. All contributors will get the same rewards that Paul and Suw get (i.e. sweet fa) but your support will be most gratefully received!

Headitorial

At long bloody last! We present to you Issue 4! I'm sure that some of you have been wondering what was taking so long. Well, there have been a whole number of little bitty niggly problems, which we won't bore you with, but we would like to apologise for the long wait. Hopefully, what with Radiohead actually venturing out in to the big wide world again this year and with the immanent release of LP3, the next issue should be a little bit more up to date!

In any case, but we hope that you find this longer issue, full of exclusives, worth the wait. Again, we've a host of gig reviews, as yet unpublished interviews and re-prints of articles that maybe you haven't seen. We do depend on you sending us stuff, so we hope that you'll all continue to contribute. Especially photos, as we always seem to be desperately short of pics. If you do have any good, clear shots that you don't mind loaning us for a while, then please send them with your name and address written clearly on the back.

Oh, and if anyone feels like reviewing the Radiohead pages to be found on the Internet, please, feel free!

Suw and Paul

Wolverhamp-Thom

In March 1995, on the day that The Bends came out, Peter Paphides talked to Thom Yorke backstage at the Wolverhampton Civic Hall for Time Out magazine. As Peter said, writing for a mag like TO means that you spend so much time expaining the plot that you never get down to details. Here, then, is the nitty gritty in full.

There seemed to be a time when a lot of feelings weren't coming out in the songs, something had to give...

I couldn't work out exactly what it was that we wanted to put out, it wasn't like some kind of exorcism, you know, "I'm a tortured artist..." It was more a sense of panic. The songs that I was writing were drunken consolation songs. In the thick of this, I didn't have the confidence to face the songs themselves, or what it was that we had to do. It just seemed like there were a million ways we could go and the easiest one was into oblivion, never to return.

Was there a feeling that you knew what you were capable of, but someone was denying you the opportunity?

Yes [laughs]... It was expected that we'd create a loud, bombastic album that everybody was expecting us to create, because we were Radiohead. The weirdest thing though, was when we took the tapes over to Sean and Paul [Slade and Kolderie, who produced Pablo Honey] and they said "You bastards! Why weren't you like this when we met you?"

Are you shocked by the feelings that you've revealed on The Bends?

I find it mildly embarrassing, but that's good. Because if so much of you is in a piece of work like that, then it is embarrassing. It's like, "Shit... I've pulled down my drawers in public". But having done that first time around with Creep, it was much more oblique this time... [laughs]

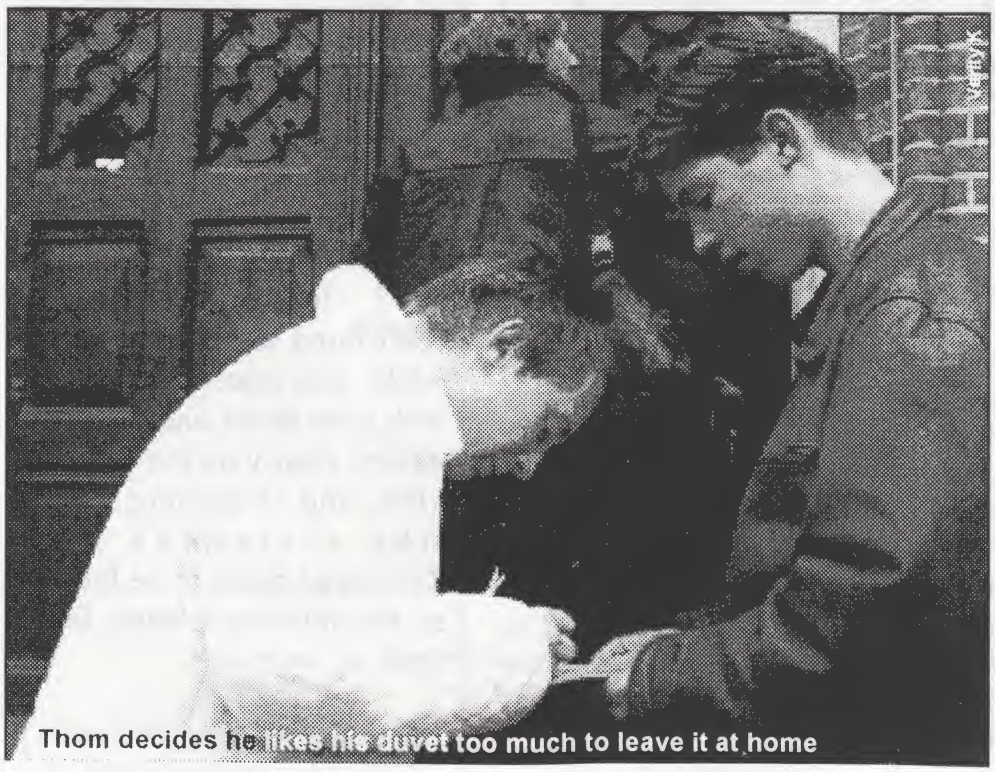
"It's like, "Shit... I've pulled down my drawers in public"

People have rather crassly compared you with, ahem, 'Rock Martyrs' Kurt Cobain and Richey Manic...

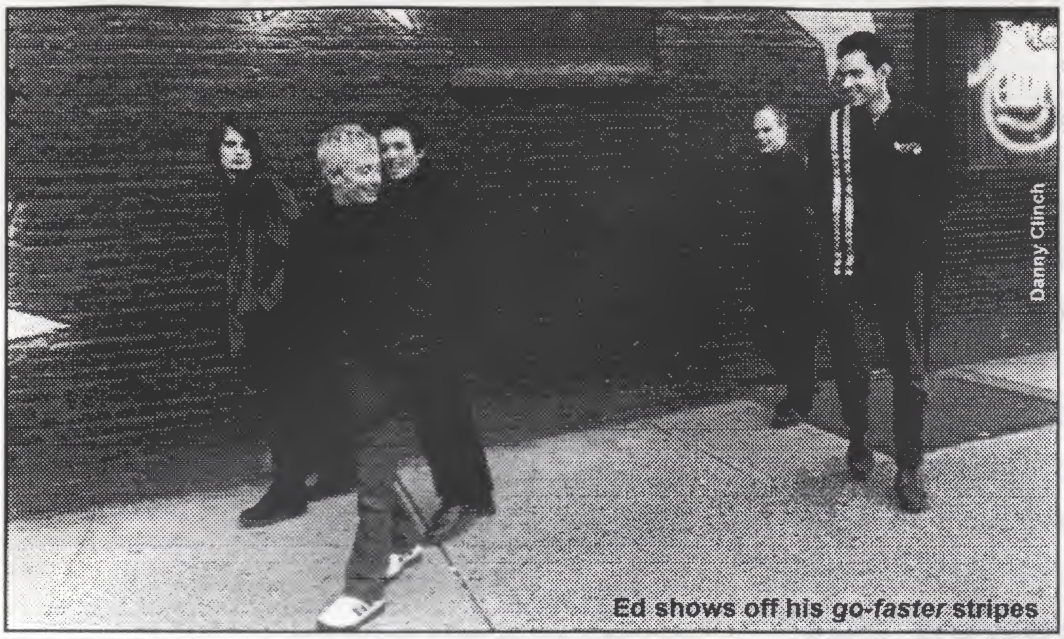
The strangest thing is not being bothered about stuff like that. It rolls off you. But then I got a letter from a really close friend of mine who I hadn't seen for two years, and the first thing he did was buy Melody Maker and Vox and write me this five page analysis. It was weird because he was exactly right. He pointed out why these pieces were shite... Why?... Um, well, two things. The first is that people love their martyrs, and they love people to die on tape, but they don't want to have to take any responsibility for that in justifying such a morbid fetish. People want to treat it as something other that a freak show that they're getting off on. There's that side of it. And there's the postmodern side of it that says that everything that bands do has to be justified by the things previous and some point of departure – because everything is second hand anyway. And so the only way to transcend that second hand feeling is to throw yourself to the lions or set fire to yourself or cut yourself up or go on heroin. In order to mean it. I no longer feel that I have to prove that I mean it. The first three years of our career, I felt that every day. The moment I thought that our music justified our existence, everything changed. It was like someone had switched the lights on.

When was that moment?

Probably writing Fake Plastic Trees.



Thom decides he likes his duvet too much to leave it at home



Ed shows off his *go-faster* stripes

That song, to me, seems to centre on a general disgust at oneself and the world. Isn't that what depression does to you?

That song is one particular corner I'll never go quite as near into again. That could have put us into a corner for everyone to say, "They're pitiful and they need to get a grip on reality." But what happened was that we had the tune. And I had these lyrics that were rubbish, but there was something else going on. The breakthrough in that song was the feeling that what was going on was already happening, we didn't have to make it more explicit.

Crass implications aside, the album does remind me of The Holy Bible, insomuch as they both have that unmistakable, compressed air of panic that somehow feels like, erm... The truth. Some truth that none of us want to confront.

Throughout the album, I think there's a sense that we're waking up while we're doing it. That we're just coming out of something really terrible.

Nice Dream sounded very different to what it did when you first started doing it live towards the end of 93. As if the mood in your camp subsequent to that took the wind out of it.

Totally. I'm sure that air of sleepiness won't be on the next album at all. There was this sort of picture of us crawling around. Trying to stand up to playing something, but having no energy. Being picked off the floor, basically. Nice Dream was written in two places, in a basement flat that I lived in and it was finished off later. The lyrics were written in one of those fucking sad, half-formed ways. I was singing them half asleep and when I get drunk, or whatever, I usually find that I don't get hangovers. I just don't sleep at all. I just go into a sort of coma and come out, but my head goes round and round through for hours. The lyric refers to a story by Kurt Vonnegut where this crystal's been found that turns all water completely solid and someone drops it in the sea. And if you want to kill yourself, you just put your finger into the water. So there's this image of all these people, just turned into statues.

"Some writers have the discipline to go off to the country to 'create' in seclusion. If I went off to the country I'd go for walks"

There are songs written about the process of being famous. The tyranny of schedules. Was there a point where you suddenly realised that it was alright to write about being in a band?

Yeah, because most of the two years between albums... I went through this period where there was less and less to write about and less and less to think about. Going on tour, drinking a lot and having less to show for it. And going to America and seeing it for what it really was, erm, and there really wasn't any reason for doing it. It felt like the reason for being in a band had just gone. The day we wrote Anyone Can Play Guitar seems like a fucking millennium ago. We never thought that song was ironic, really. We sort of meant it, but after Creep, there was this continual feeling that the space I had to work in was diminishing. A lot of what was happening was that the songs were written despite us. And the lyrics, especially. I didn't want to write songs about how terrible it is to be famous. Because it's like the Royal Family – getting millions of pounds a year, strutting around and giving terrible speeches.

Some writers have the discipline to go off to the country to 'create' in seclusion. If I went off to the country I'd go for walks. I might write stuff, but it would be rubbish, because whatever's going on around me is what's happening in the music, whether I like it or not. The Bends is a document of a period of time. Recently, Jonny went through all the four-track stuff we've ever done, hours of material, way back to when we were 17 or 18. All of it was stuff that happened despite us. But it was a relief because it made us realise that aspect hasn't gone away. I spent two and a half years thinking we've lost it, and to have someone stare you in the face and say, "I like that, it's alright" is wonderful.

Since signing to EMI, I don't think we ever realised it's as simple as it really is. Our biggest strength and weakness is the fact that we never sound the same. High and Dry and Planet Telex sound like two separate bands.

The period up to Autumn 93 when you were in America supporting Belly was quite a fragile one, wasn't it?

What kind of conversations were happening in the bus?

None. It was okay, because we sorted it out. Then a few months later it happened again, in the studio, but in a different way. There was no communication between us or faith in ourselves. It just felt like there was no point. I hope this album won't be tainted by that sort of picture. Sitting in the studio thinking, "No, I don't think we can get this together, we're just gonna have to split up." It was less splitting up from each other, more, "I don't wanna do this any more" in very big letters, then in smaller letters, "And I'm gonna go and buy a car and drive away. And I'm not coming back." I'm sure everyone was going through that.

There must have been a big showdown.

Yeah. Sort of. No. Actually, no. It only came out... Well, yeah. It sort of came out because we were *scheduled* to go out on tour for two months. Everyone else said, look we've got to get out, we're going mad, and I wanted to stay in the studio.

Why was the spring 94 tour important?

Because it was fun. The word "FUN" had emerged again in our lives. We realised how simple it is. We toured Europe and went to Japan, and it was brilliant.

I knew people that were talking about Radiohead with phrases like 'spent force' when your live sound was aeons ahead of the relatively primitive sound of Pablo Honey.

That's basically where all the problems came from, I think. As far as I was concerned, people have always told me, we have to take advantage of... *This*. [Creep?] But I think we just got used, really.

"Just evolved from a rubbishy chorus which didn't mean anything, but then meant a hell of a lot once the rest spewed out"

Was Stop Whispering released in America?

It was, sort of, and it bombed.

So how did that period affect your home life?

I didn't talk to my parents for a while. And... [mumbles incomprehensibly] that's all there in the songs, too.

This desire to drive away. Do you think it's the same desire that made Richey Manic and Stephen Fry drive away?

I don't know them, but I'm sure mine was for totally different reasons.

Last year, when I met Colin, just before the spring 94 tour, he was saying that most of the Radiohead camp wanted Sulk to be a single. He mentioned that you didn't think it was a natural single.

Yes. That's right. Everyone kept telling me how it was going to be a huge hit.

It doesn't strike me as a great choice for a single. Have you reworked it since?

[Thom laughs incredulously] No! After doing 10 versions of it, we finished with one we were happy with. Poor thing. That song was almost strangled at birth! We slapped it and brought it round. That taught me a valuable lesson.

Which was?

To have confidence in the songs that I'm writing all the time.

There seems to be something both hopeful and troubling in Just. The line, 'You do it to yourself...'

[Thom seems uncomfortable with the direction this conversation is taking.] See, I can't really dissect it like that. It was written out of personal experience. The kind of personal experience I dream about and gives me nightmares. So, you know, the song evolved from a rubbishy chorus which didn't mean anything, but then meant a hell of a lot once the rest spewed out.

Tell us a bit about the person in Just.

I'm fucking sick of people like that. I used to be a lot more into that... You know, tearing myself to bits. And I just

Finally, Radiohead find their niche in life

got sick of it. I don't know what happened, but I'm able to see it in other people now and it really makes me fucking mad, because usually it's nothing to do with them, but they could get themselves out. Things just build up and you feel there's nothing you can do...

How do you feel now looking back at your arrival in LA in 93, when Creep was breaking? All the hand-shakes and crappy radio interviews. It seemed a lot easier to find it funny then that it is now.

Things were being thrown at us all the time, like, "You're doing the Arsenio Hall show" and no-one tells you it's going out to 60 million people until after you've done it. And it was really good fun, but it went sour because we couldn't... Because we couldn't get rid of the song. We had to milk it. And the rest of the album was never given a chance. I think it's got great tunes, but it never got the attention it deserved and everyone kept banging on about the song.

Then Stop Whispering was released – a really bad version of Stop Whispering. That should never have happened. It was all wrong, but no-one was listening. American success... It's like being given really great drugs and not being told that they have any side effects.

Now, though, there's a sense for the first time that we can be, on any day of the week, exactly what we want and we don't have to answer to anyone. There's a sense of regained innocence. One of the things about this band is that we can only function if we're left alone in our own vacuum of innocence. It's quite a headfuck though, for the band to realise that you can get good reviews from making good music.

"It's quite a head-fuck, to realise that you can get good reviews from making good music"

Seeing you at the Garage gig, I went over to say hello and you seemed confused because Kate Moss had just approached you – all these 'beautiful' people being into Radiohead. Then I read your rant over a year later in Melody Maker about your antipathy to beautiful people...

It's more a fear of beautiful people, but you feel intimidated by it, just as you feel intimidated by money and power. It's curious when you see what happens around them, the sort of people that surround them. I'd never seen that until I started doing this. All these big people wanna meet you, and you don't know that you have anything to say to them.

Around the time of Pop Is Dead, I got the impression that there was something waiting to give, but it wasn't being channelled through the music...

The best day for us was just waking up one morning and not feeling you have to prove anything. Before that, we were trying to make statements all the time – to justify, to annoy, to fuck people off, that seemed like the only thing worth doing, really.

I felt you were digging your own grave with Pop Is Dead. It was a naïve song...

Mmm. What we were doing was pandering to the press in such a naïve way. Naïvety in one sense can be a positive thing, because you have a framework you know? The day you wake up and realise we aren't gonna sound like Blur, definitely not Oasis, not Primal Scream, is great. But then, it's a mental battle. I don't want to have to associate with these people. I don't want to have to prove what we're about. And the only thing that seemed worth writing about at the time was about pop being dead, because everyone was writing about it. As Colin said shortly afterward, it's like the irony was lost on people. Also, the music wasn't convincing enough. If it was, we'd have been fine.

"For us, it's been all dodgy 4-tracks, groping around and bumping into things"

You were commenting on it, without having developed an opinion on it.

Ultimately it's just boring. We've made all those mistakes in the public eye, and that's a very difficult thing to do.

It's all very cyclical, the process of success. Being told you're good can be very distracting. Then being signed suddenly makes you very self-analytical and guilty.

And being given money!

...Then having a hit and being told to do it again, but knowing that you can't make another record like the last hit, because the conditions have changed. You're not that innocent anymore...

"All these big people wanna meet you, and you don't know that you have anything to say to them"

Until you get rid of the things that changed those conditions. That's why I felt I ought to write things like Pop Is Dead, because it was what we experienced. Whereas PJ Harvey appears on the scene, and it's perfect, fully formed and it's like... Wow! Respect!

She's very media literate though. She's essentially a package...

But then, we're at least as media literate as her, but for us, it's never been a way of approaching what we've done. For us, it's been all dodgy 4-tracks, groping around and bumping into things. Which goes back to what I was saying about being second hand. Only since the 80s have you had to justify being in a guitar band.

Thanks to Peter Paphides.

The Slacker Gardens

After the sucess of Take That, Shed Seven and Shampoo, it's been all too easy to tease the Japanese for their dire taste in music. The way that Japan took to Radiohead, though, shows that they're not all into spangley clothes and pink hair. The following is an extract from a Japanese booklet that was used to promote The Bends. Translated by Keiko Arita.

Band Profile

1991

Formed in Oxford, England. Their amazing live concerts on the club circuit were much talked about and, less than a year since the band was formed, they signed a conract with the Parlophone label under English EMI.

1992

May. Debuted with their first EP, Drill.

Sept. The second EP, Creep, was released and became a great success in the US, setting the standard up to now. It won great admiration from the media and the band sprang into fame.

1992

Due to the release of the single, they devoted the whole year to concert tours. They secured the 9th place in the NME's Brightest Hope Chart, despite the release of only two singles.

1993

Feb. Released the third EP, Anyone Can Play Guitar. Recorded smash hit in the UK. Waiting for an opportunity, the debut album, Pablo Honey was released on 22 Feb. It won a US gold disc and became a long-seller with 20 weeks in the Billboard chart.

Sept. Re-released the single Creep in the UK and Europe, after the great hit in the US, and had a top 5 hit.

Oct. US Tour (18 cities).

Nov. Europe tour (14 cities).

Dec. UK tour (10 cities).

1994

Jan-Feb. Already started recording their second album.

June. Hurry up to Japan for live concerts:

4 June. Tokyo: Shibuya On Air

6 June. Osaka: Shinsaibashi Club Cuatro

7 June. Nagoya: Nagoya Club Cuatro

8/9 June. Kawasaki: Club Chitta

26 Aug. Took part in the famous open-air concert, Reading Festival. They became a popular topic of conversation.

29 Sept. Released EP My Iron Lung prior to release of a new album.

Oct-Nov. Recording again.

Dec. Completed the latest album, The Bends.

1995

8 Mar. Released The Bends in Japan, first in the world.

Late in March. Scheduled to release a new single High and Dry. Released Fake Plastic Trees as the first single, only in the US, from Capitol Records.

The Questions:

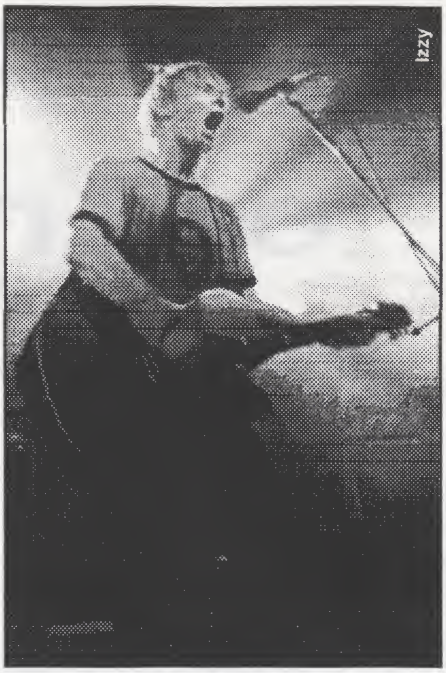
1. Full name.
2. Born.
3. Blood type*.
4. Hobby.
5. Make of instruments.
6. Favourite bands and musicians.
7. Biggest influences on your life.
8. Favourite books and films.
9. Please describe yourself.
10. How would you describe the other members?
11. Who is your ideal...
12. Worst job you ever had.
13. Why did you choose your present part?
14. Which song do you like best among all of yours?
15. One funny episode from your career.
16. What did you want to be in your childhood?
17. Who would you like to be, if you had a new life?
18. Japan is well known for expensive live tickets. Can you guess how much it costs to see one Radiohead show (£)?**
19. If Radiohead were a family, which part would you be?
20. Why did you turn to music?
21. Would you give a message for Japanese fans?

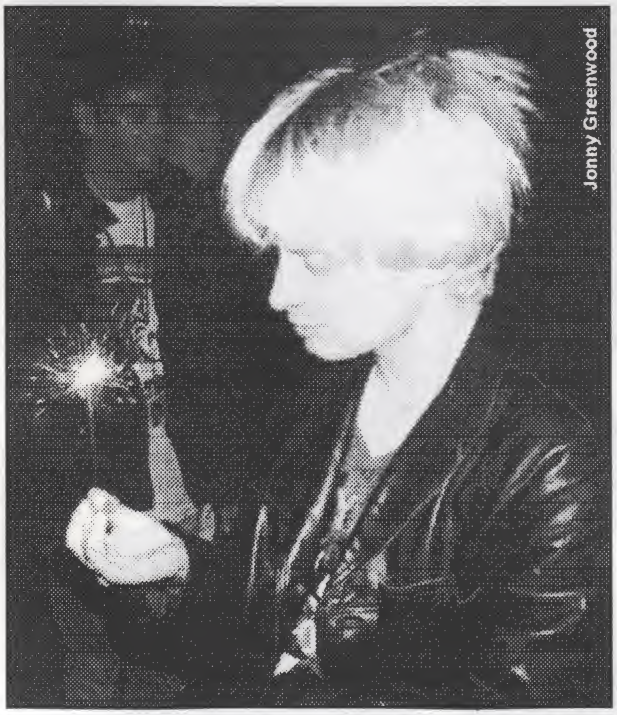
*In Japan, your blood type has the same significance as your birthday does here, so there are loads of books on what sort of person, say, a Type B person is. Thus our translator found Thom's answer hysterically funny...

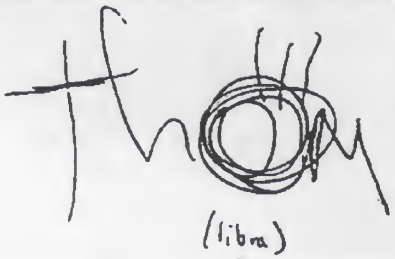
**They never actually mention how much is DOES cost, so if anyone would like to enlighten us...

Mr TE Yorke

1. Thomas Edward Yorke.
2. 7 Oct 68.
3. Red.
4. Being in a band. Sleeping. Worrying.
5. Gibson, Fender and Silvertone electric guitars; Vigor acoustic guitar; Fender twin-amplifier; Doo Classic fuzz and Rat distortion pedals.
6. Magazine, Scott Walker, The Fall, Japan, REM, Moonshake, The Beatles, Public Enemy, Elvis Costello.
7. Dreams, Noam Chowsky, television, cities, people, love.
8. Books: Ben Okri – The Tarnished Road. Films: A Night on Earth, Les Amants du Post Neuf; Arthur.
9. Difficult/creative sometimes.
10. Phil: Drummer, very nice.
Jonny: Clever, likes his jazz and wrong notes.
Colin: Educated, prone to lunacy, sociable.
Ed: Tall, charming, secret Alarm fan.
11. Man: Charlie Chaplin. Woman: Joan Collins.
12. Selling badly made suits to middle aged idiots. On commission.
13. No-one else wanted to do it.
14. All the new ones.
15. Driving overnight to Paris, doing a great show that evening, getting drunk, taking a sleep on our tour bus, waking up at Heathrow Airport, getting on a plane, arriving in New York, doing a quick rehearsal and going out for a meal. All in 24 Hours.
16. A pop star.
17. Michael Caine.
18. £15.
19. The puppy dog that the youngest child had for its birthday that still shits on the carpet.
20. It is one of the few art forms that can pay well. Also, I love it more that anything.
21. It's cool to wear shades. Apparently.







He was not as nervous as was rumoured. He is rather masculine in character, though he is a strict vegetarian who doesn't eat even fish. Besides, he is kind-hearted and dependable.

It is Thom who is most popular in the group in Japan. I have finally understood why – because he and actor Issei Ishida are as like as peas. Even in England, I've heard, he is often taken for Japanese English.

Because of this popularity, presents for him are considerable in number. Too many presents, so he murmured "I am somewhat treated as an idol". Even so, it seems he liked Japan, and independently decided to regard Japan as his "second home country." By the way, he has not received such a great many presents in the UK.

His favourite artists are Morrissey and REM. We understand why. In addition, he is very fashion-conscious. His favourite brand is Gaultier. In fact, the rubber shoes he was wearing in Japan were Gaultier.

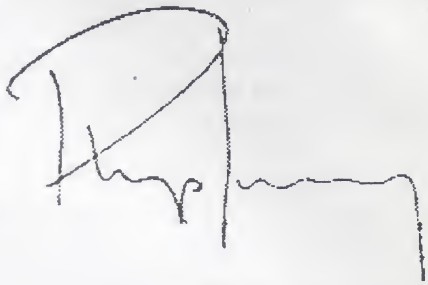
He was often seen reading a book during their stay in Japan. The book was Ben Okri's *Song of the Enchanted*. Look for it at a foreign bookshop if you are interested.

Mr PJ Harvey, er, no, Selway

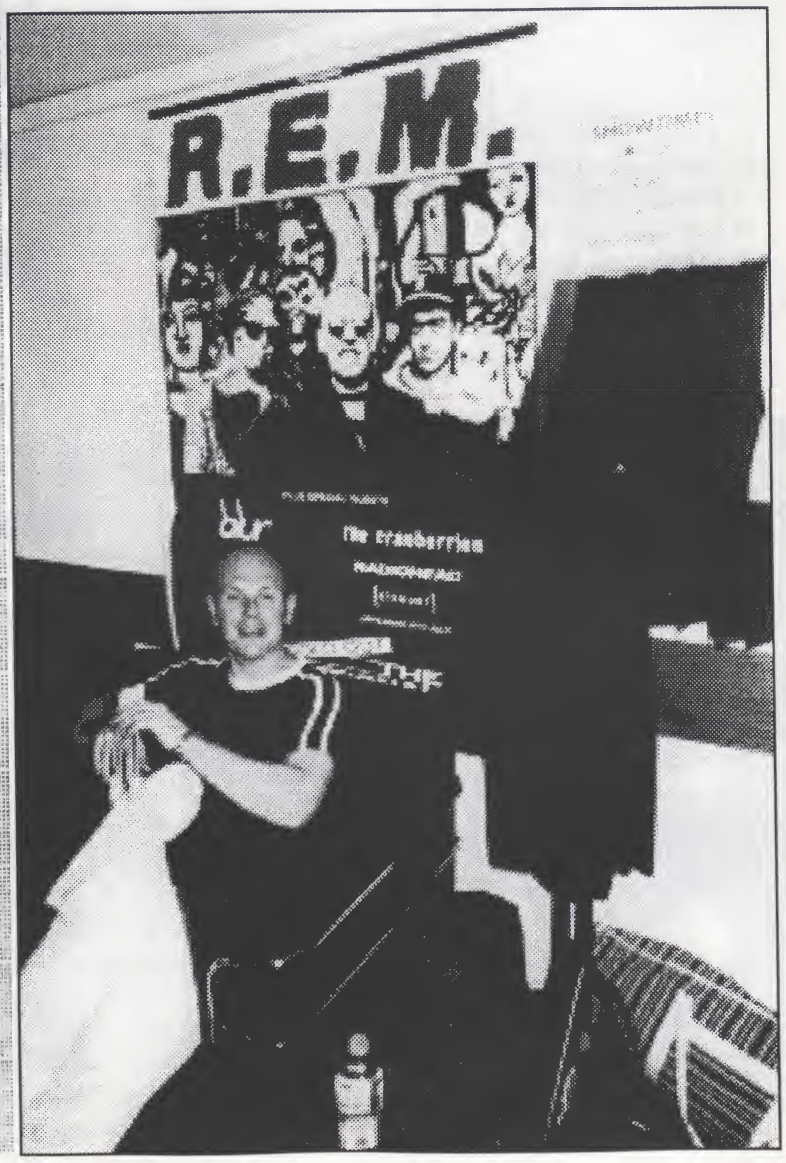
It is he who supports Radiohead, with bass-player Colin, by drumming accurately and stably. He is as fashion-conscious as Thom. His favourite brand is Agnes B.

A good guy who never forgets to look after the other band members. It was impressive that he always stood aside for the others.

Although he seems quiet at a glance, is there anyone who has noticed that he is actually the No. 1 entertainer in the band? If you have noticed, then you are already a true Radiohead fan. For this entertainer, a fan club has been formed here in Japan. The number of current members is 10, however, it will be considerable when he comes to Japan next time. I found, at Club Chitta, a kid who was wearing a T-shirt with the logo "Phil is Great". Shocked are you! Then you are the one. The T-shirt is one of those in fashion this year. Great!!



1. Philip James Selway.
2. 23 May 67.
3. ?
(4. No answer given. Phil? Something to hide?)
5. Drums: Drum Workshop. Cymbals: Zildjian.
6. Drummers: Stewart Copeland, Pete Thomas, Steve White, Jimmy Chamberlain, Charlie Watts. Musicians: Paul Weller, John Lennon, Thom Yorke, Ed O'Brien, Jonny and Colin Greenwood – basically, anyone who writes and has written brilliant songs.
7. Luck, mainly.
8. Books: Paul Monet – Becoming a Man; Graham Swift – Waterland.
Films: Shenandoah, Breakfast at Tiffanys.
9. Man of few words.
10. Jonny, Colin, Ed and Thom: Men of too many.
11. Man: John Malkovich, Richard Maidley (UK chat show host). Woman: Cait Morrison, Judy Finnigan (co-host and wife of Richard Maidley).
12. Tidying the perimeter fence of an industrial waste tip.
13. Too many guitarists in Radiohead already.
14. My Iron Lung.
15. Being mistaken for the bus driver by two Radiohead fans after a show in the States. They asked if I could get the band's autographs for them, or maybe even introduce them.
16. Older.
17. No idea – sorry!
18. It's farcical that people pay to see us anyway – so too much, whatever the price.
19. The social worker assigned to observe and counsel them.
20. Crime and religion weren't big in my neighbourhood.
21. I'm the drummer and I'm at the back. Watch me – nobody else does.

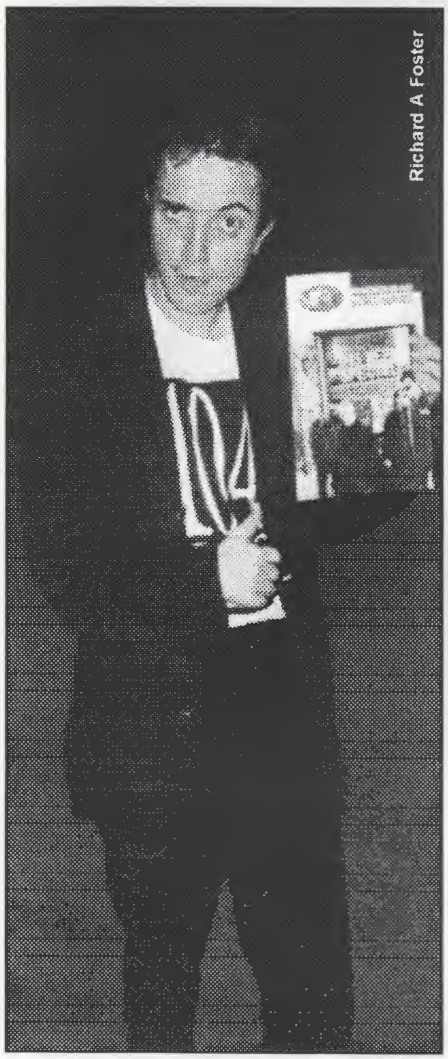


Colin is a bass player and Jonny's brother. The elder brother, who once could not decide whether to continue to play in the band or to be a lawyer, (but not because of this) spoke Japanese, often as well and fluently as his brother. Those are the Greenwood brothers! He is a little loose in keeping time. He was late for the first interview and also for meals. There was a time when he was scolded by Thom.

Basically, he is quiet and likes reading books. The book he was reading during the stay in Japan was Nick Kent's The Dark Stuff. It was difficult to tell what kind of book it was at a glance. Look for it in foreign bookshops, if you are interested.

Colin loves sushi. He had sushi in a Shikansen train on the way to the next destination. First he was surprised at seeing a fish-shaped sachet of soy sauce, then very delighted by the good taste of sushi. He frantically recommended to Ed, who was sitting next to him, to have it. But Ed found it disagreeable and did not take it. Colin frequently asked staff "to take us to a sushi restaurant when we come next time."

Finally, Colin sleeps well. Whenever I caught sight of him, he was dozing wherever and for however short a period of time. I felt relaxed immediately, however tense I felt, when I looked back to see that happy, sleeping face of his. Colin, such a person you are, I support you. Good on you, elder brother!



1. Colin Charles Greenwood.
2. 26 June 69.
3. Red.
4. Reading and eating good food.
5. Musicman Stingray, Fender Precision.
6. American Music Club, Scott Walker, Stax Soul.
7. My sister's record collection.
8. Book: ed Nottumphrey E Rojo Lifton – In a Dark Time. (Uh?). Films: Wim Wenders – Wings of Desire
9. Thin.
10. Ed: Tall.
Thom: Blond.
Phil: Blue-eyed.
Jonny: My brother.
11. Man: a combination of Ed, Thom and Phil.
Woman: the same.
12. Working in a warehouse.
13. I didn't. It chose me.
14. Vegetable.
15. Not much fun to report yet.
16. Happy.
17. Me?
18. £20.
19. Family pet.
20. It's fun.
21. See you soon – is it.

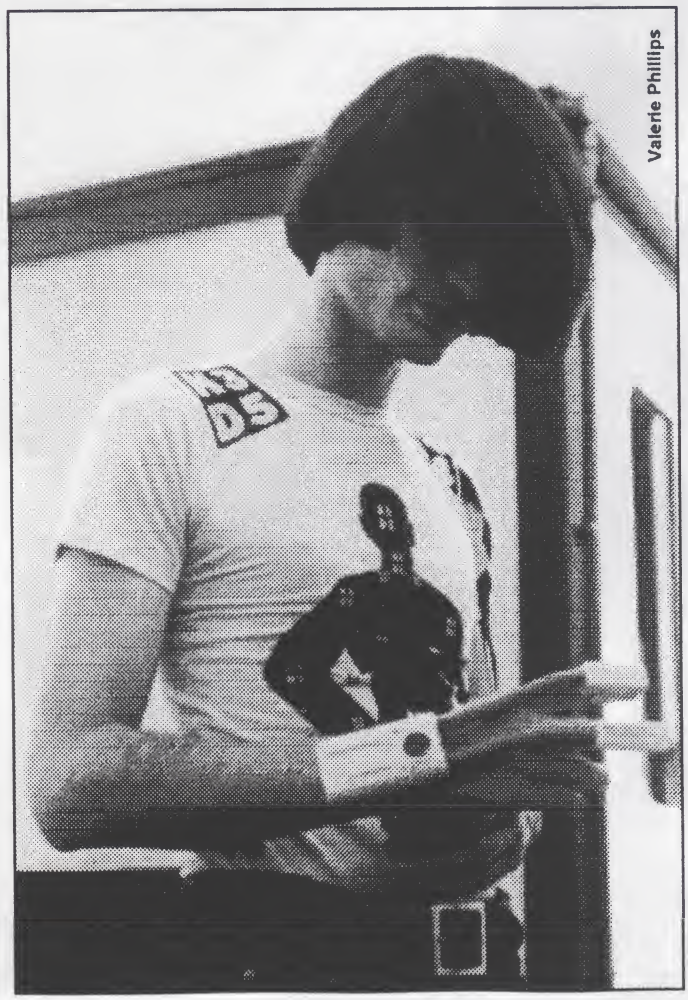
Mr CC Greenwood

COLIN

Mr JRG Greenwood

1. Jonathan Richard Guy Greenwood.
2. In Oxford, 5 Nov 71.
3. Red, warm, etc.
4. Collecting records, photography.
5. Fender guitar and amp; Hammond organ; Topham viola.
6. Art Blakey (especially with Lee Morgan), Freddie Hubbard, Olivier Messiaen, Miles Davis, The Fall, XTC, Frank Black, Magazine, Scott Walker, Jimmy Smith, Sonic Youth.
7. My Friends – "The Doomed Express"
8. Books: Douglas Coupland – Generation X, Stephen Fry – The Liar. Films: Prick Up Your Ears, Reservoir Dogs.
9. Easily bored, poorly shod.
10. Colin: My brother.
Ed: Long of limb.
Thom: Well shod.
Phil: Sweet toothed.
11: Man: Stephen Fry.
Woman: Betty Davis.
12: Toy factory in Abingdon.
13: My brother got me the part.
14: Blow Out.
(15: no answer given)
16: A punk (when I was 7).
17: Freddie Hubbard.
18: £20? £15?
19: Younger brother.
20: Obsessed since very young.
21: See you soon.

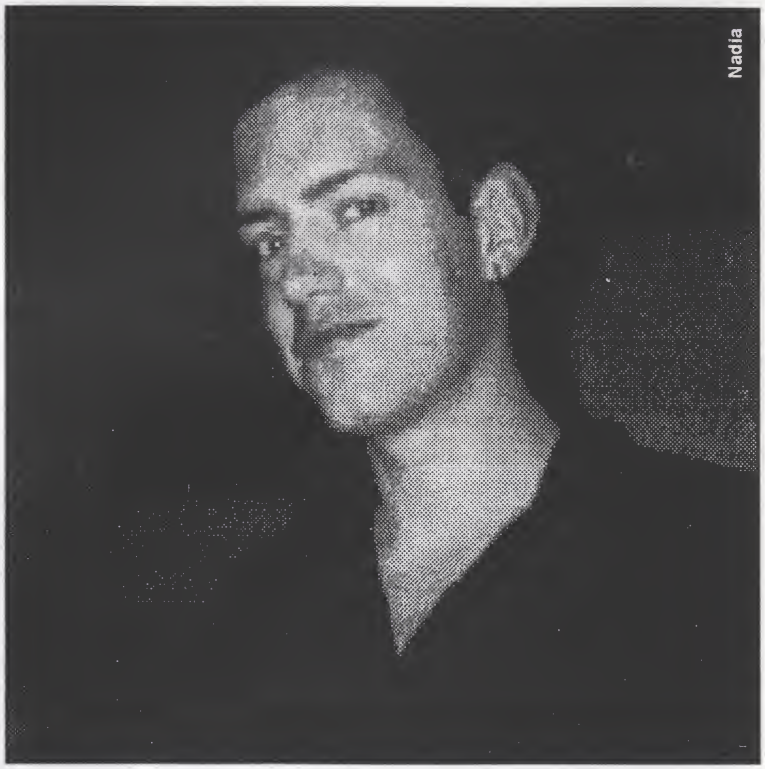
As you know, he is the younger brother of bassist Colin. A guitarist with ultra-high techniques among the three guitarists of Radiohead. It is Jonny who proved at the live concert the other day that, without his guitar, the famous music Creep was not created. He is the one who, since the day of arrival in Japan, asked questions of person after person whom he met, as he said "I want to know Japanese". To the staff, who were seeing happily to the pleasant scenes, came a terror soon. What a surprise that, when somebody asked him for his autograph, he wrote "Ongaku " in Kanji. However, this was not the end. The following day, he wrote his name in Katakana. This one is not an ordinary person. People around him were just astonished by this. You are a lucky one if you got such an autograph! He spoke well the Japanese phrases that he was taught. He said "Kitekurete arigato" ["Thank you for coming"] at a live concert. You are great if you noticed this greeting! One night, I found him giving out some parcels by calling each band members' name. What a surprise, he received presents for all the members from kid fans. He is big in mind, not only his feet (his shoes are size 11, about 29cm). It was a scene with which we were deeply impressed.



Mr Ed

1. Edward John O'Brien.
2. 15 April 68.
3. ?
4. My job.
5. The Plank, Nilsson Guitar; Mesa Boogie Amps; Rickenbacker 360 Korg AZ/FX 500 effects.
6. Harry Nilsson, Stevie Wonder, Glenn Campbell (early material), REM, The Posies, Strangelove, The Jam.
7: Phil, Thom, Jonny and Colin.
8: Books: Jeanette Winterson – The Panion, Joan Didion – Slouching Towards Bethlehem.
Film: Manhattan Murder Mystery, Apocalypse Now.
9. Tall, neurotically inarticulate.
10. Thom: Sleepy.
Phil: Doc.
Jonny: Bashful.
Colin: Happy.
11. Man: Arthur Miler, Jimmy Stewart (the actor).
Woman: Joan Didion (the author).
12. Making 3000 cardboard boxes in 1 week.
13. I loved feedback.
14. You (old), Nice Dream (new).
15. The day we signed a record deal.
16. A farmer.
17. Steven Spielberg.
18. £18.
19. The evil bank manager.
20. Religion was too easy.
21. Bring a step ladder if you want a face-to-face chat, unless you're 6 feet 5 inches tall, in which case, you're alright.

ARIES



Ed, guitarist, is a devoted soccer fan. His favourite team is Manchester United. He is a renowned supporter. However, in fact, he is incredibly intellectual and is in charge of the business side of Radiohead. It was very impressive that he asked the staff of Toshiba EMI in great detail about those relating to the sales and marketing in Japan.

When a record, Come On You Reds, which is a great hit in the UK now, was played in a car while moving to the next destination, everyone sang in chorus (all members can sing). He said "The Jam and Paul Weller," when asked about his favourite musicians. Certainly, his way of jumping is exactly alike.

He is the number one drinker among the band members. In Osaka, there was a sake drinking party. Ed drank without stopping, and was dead drunk at the end. It may be one of his charms that he is an intellectual who does not seem so.

Cicada Enchilada

The style, the Latin Quarter, the Metro, the Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower and the Burger King across the road from the hotel vs. Radiohead and The Bluetones at La Cigale. Even with the Bouncers-From-Hell, the 'Head clearly came out on top on 15 Apr 96. Suw Charman was there to adjudicate.

Thom is grinning. Thom looks very happy. There is more than a glint of mischievousness in his eyes as he holds his guitar, fretboard down, over the audience, their hands reaching for, but never quite touching it. As they make a collective lunge, so he jerks it out of their desperate grasp. They, the crowd, love this. They are ecstatic, revelling in every nanosecond of this blinding Parisian gig. And so, it seems, is Thom. The rest of Radiohead look mildly amused too.

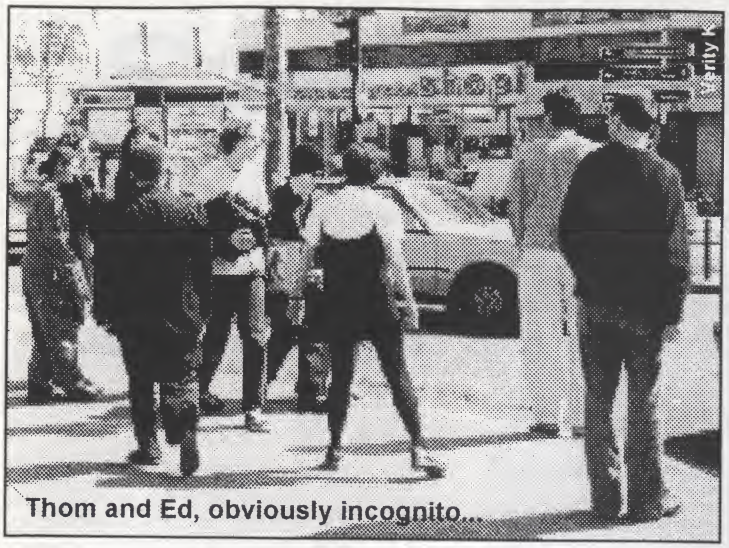
The coach left London somewhere around the 1am mark, having already collected the devoted from "up north". The Radiohead promo vids that were showing, complete with little clock thingumies, set a comfy mood for the trip which wasn't overly marred by the admission from Paul that his passport had expired on 31 Dec 95. Once we'd smuggled Paul through a frankly uninterested Customs, we had the delight of several hours of spine-compressing boredom as we crept closer to Paris.

Tuesday morning was spent, by myself at least, fighting off the desire to turn in to a gibbering blancmange at the prospect of seeing both The Bluetones and Radiohead, like, in the same evening, right, and like, one after another, right, in, like, the same venue, like, and well, er, wow!

After introductions to Nice Bloke Tim, Radiohead's tour manager, and Big Al, and the acquisition of rather smashing pink photo passes, we wait for The Bluetones to soundcheck. They are here, somewhere, cos they've been seen, but the soundcheck doesn't get started until after the doors were supposed to have been opened. Eventually, though, the madness begins. I'm joined in handing out flyers by a bloke that looks like he should be in Marion. He's handing out Bluetones flyers and, to be honest, they're much nicer than ours. Bastard. Paul hangs about trying to sell the odd zine, but on the whole people look at him as if he's mad. They may have a strong point.

After a while (well, after I got bored, actually) we give up. The flyers are all gone, and I'm getting itchy to be in the gig. I dig up my camera, ditch the zines behind Al's stall, and fight my way into the pit to try get some photos. The realisation that my flash is totally screwed puts a bit of a dampener on things, but, well, I might be lucky.

Mark Morriss just drips charisma and charm. A gangling thing with a Bez-like dance, he keeps the French fans enthralled, although the cheer that goes up upon the introduction to Slight Return belies the British contingent that have made the long trek to see their fave band(s). The Bluetones steamroller their album into a fine live form, playing with an intensity and passion that you don't really see much from the current crop of indie guitar bands. In this, the Tonies and Radiohead are as like as peas.



By the end of The Bluetones' set, the 1400 capacity crowd are all wound up and set to go off just as soon as Radiohead hit the stage. Sure enough, the sprung floor is bouncing rather alarmingly before Thom reaches the end of the first line of opener, My Iron Lung.

I was desperately trying to get photos of *all* the band from my 'vantage point' in the 'pit', but I understand now why all live shots are of Thom or Ed. Colin always manages to be behind Thom, regardless of where Thom is, Jonny is totally obscured by Thom's mic stand, and Phil, well, I know Phil is in there *somewhere*, but there seems to be more kit than drummer.

Bones and High and Dry later, we get manhandled from the pit by a bouncer who was definitely the bastard son of a pit-bull, and one of a crew who really lived up to their reputation of being the "most unpleasant bouncers in town" (Time Out Paris Guide).

The set was a nicely balanced affair – enough from The Bends to keep the unwashed masses happy, new tracks and stuff from Pablo Honey to delight the party faithful, and two non-album tracks, the quixotic Banana Co. and the exquisite Lucky, to satisfy the obsessive. The new songs, Electioneering and Lift, were fabulous, and surprisingly immediate.

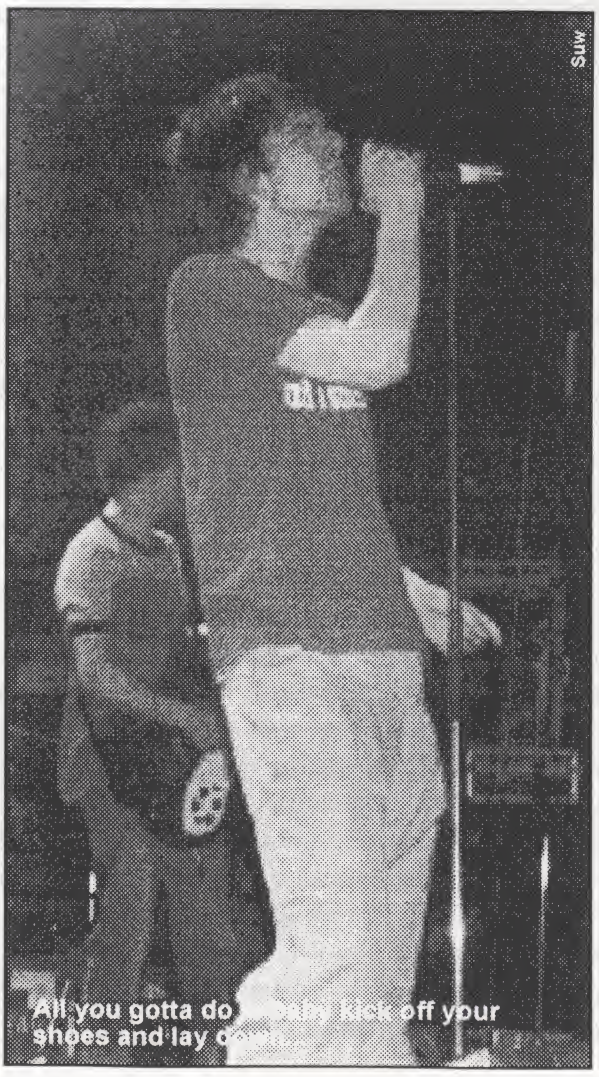
Thom introduces Creep with the kind of self-depreciating humour which now seems the trademark of this song, but although Radiohead may still be a bit pissed off with the The Hit, the crowd still love it, like your best mate that you haven't seen for ooooh, a whole week. It's followed by another newie, the achingly beautiful I Promise. A hybrid of Lucky and Street Spirit, it enraptures with its melancholic grace, delicate guitar and soaring vocals. It is Thom at his most gorgeous. Of all the songs played tonight, this one has crawled into my brain, snuggled up close with a bottle of port, and made itself comfortable for a long stay. It has the same kind of emotive hook, with the most deliciously sharp melodic barbs that Punchdrunk Lovesick Singalong displays.

Threatening, but unable to dislodge the trance of I Promise is Anyone Can Play Guitar. Radiohead are on a roll and enjoying the gig as much as the fans. Colin even ventures out from his hidyhole next to Phil, making it as far as the middle of the stage. Jonny cuts a dash dressed in black with a dapper pair of headphones which, at first, I could've sworn was an Alice-band. Anyone... and everyone rocks out, with Thom doing a fab impression of the Cheshire Cat, whipping the audience into further frenzy, teasing and flirting like a good'n. He holds his guitar out above the crowd and as they reach for it, he tweaks it away. He grins. He plays. He teases again and, as the hands come up to touch, to just touch, one of them gets a hold of the neck. Still grinning, Thom just leans back in his strap, almost held up by the fan grasping the other end of his guitar. They can't keep hold for long, though, and soon again Thom is bouncing around like Zebedee on speed, smiling, enjoying himself and, happily for us, playing guitar.

Just and Blow Out, then, are the storm before the calm, albeit the shot-through calm of Fake Plastic Trees. Then darkness as Radiohead leave the stage. No-one stops screaming though, no-one lets up cheering, and patience is rewarded by encore. Bullet Proof, ridden with those delicate, bubbling, "whooping oodle noises", Black Star, just gorgeous, and then The Bends, during which we, the RWS "staff" skuttle off to the foyer to prepare for commencement of battle with a stream of potential buyers whose language we either speak very badly or not at all. Indeed, Paul has the price of our publication written on the palm of his hand, and it's his answer to all queries.

But, we know that The Bends is the last song of the set. It IS the last song, isn't it? But no, Banana Co., we really love you, and we missed you...

Thanks again to Big Al, Nice Bloke Tim and Mark Edwards. And thanks also to Ed, for letting me go on a bit about Egyptian symbology.



Not Dead Yet?

Indeed, the very opposite. Radiohead haven't done that many gigs in this neck of the woods recently, so the party faithful had to put in a little more effort than usual to get to see them prove that they are very much alive.

Manchester
Apollo
11 July 96
Kim O'Neill

Despite a lack of advertising, Radiohead perform in front of a capacity crowd. My first ever visit to Manchester and their first UK gig of the year (well apart from the top-secret Oxford gigs a few days earlier).

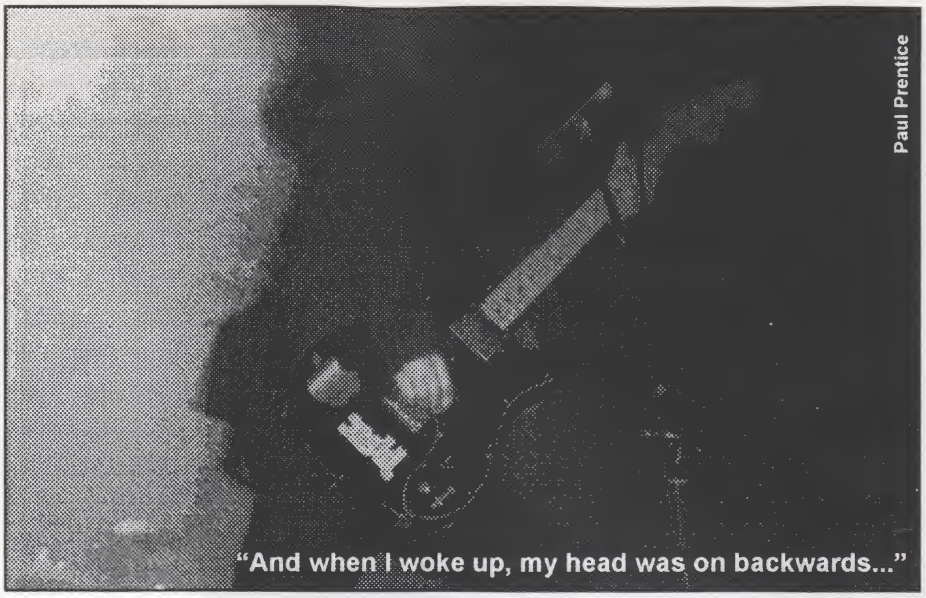
The band seem relaxed and happy (Thom included). My Iron Lung kicks off and what had previously been polite audience restraint throughout the Divine Comedy's warm-up set now becomes the euphoria that we have come to expect. Excitement runs riot. At first I think I won't survive it, but the music soon weaves into me and I lose all care. Thom acknowledges the absence of radio airplay for their singles, adding cynically "we're not bitter", before proceeding with High and Dry whilst the audience joins into the lyrics of a song that reached 300 in the chart [er, 17, actually – ed].

Tonight's roaring set treats us to new songs which are accepted with eager anticipation. Thom asks "Is this band big enough for you?" and the unanimous reply comes in the affirmative. Now we, the audience, are relaxed and happy too. Jonny's guitar is in pure and abusive form, likewise Thom's voice is gentle and tragic, gutsy and wild in turn. The band air most of The Bends, with one or two exceptions, and include a rip-roaring version of Anyone Can Play Guitar. That song just gets better every time. Strange, I never liked it at first.

After the first encore Thom is summoned back on stage for a solo, (great stuff!), followed by the return of the whole band. You is played after a request for requests, as a barrage of suggestions are put forward amidst which there is one obviously overlooked song remaining. Thom, reluctant to perform it tonight, ultimately has little choice. Jonny , Colin, and Ed coax him, whilst the audience demand it. And he **still** sings it with the same grit and agony that makes it so fucking special. Excitement now turns to adoration and before we know it they have gone. I ponder for a couple of minutes before leaving partly because I am held rigid to floor, but mostly just to gather myself together.

In the scrum for T-shirts, a Japanese girl beside me, clutching her disposable camera, smothered in beads of perspiration and grinning from ear to ear exclaims, "I got a picture of him when he was laughing". I don't think she even heard my reply.

Outside, the Mancunian drizzle has started and frankly I'm glad of it. It's going to take a heck of a lot of drizzle to calm this devotee down, thank God.



"And when I woke up, my head was on backwards..."

Toronto
Varsity Arena
6 Apr 96
Graham

Yes, I am English, and have travelled to Canada to see Radiohead. You may wonder why as this is not the first time I've seen Radiohead, it's my eleventh.

For starters, Radiohead are playing arenas across the other side of the water. They are getting bigger and better. The Varsity Arena is twice as big as the venue they played in December, in Toronto. Tonight they start with My Iron Lung, to get the crowd to rock out, along with Bones and Just. Jonny holds up the band for few seconds while he puts on his battery pack for Anyone Can Play Guitar. They play a new song that sounds nothing like anything they have played before. High and Dry is in the charts out here, so everyone has a sing along with Thom and I get another chance to hear two new songs, where Jonny plays keyboards.

Thom asks anybody from "America" (boo! *Canada!*) "ya better play this song called Creep". Lurgee gets an outing a song that I haven't heard them play live for a while. Tonight they play for about one and a half hours. When they tour the next album, with the new songs they will have to play for two hours, or start missing out some of the very good old songs. You may think that I went all that way to see Radiohead play. Was it worth it? I say yes, because for the next album they may do small shows to start with but, if they wanted to, they could go straight out and play arenas. I hope not, but I do want them to become the best band in Britain.

"There should be a sign outside, warning people that My Iron Lung will be played"

Paris
Le Bataclan
26 May 96
Richard Foster

I arrived in Paris at 12:30pm courtesy of the Eurostar train. It's the business no wonder the band travel by Eurostar also.

After meeting up with a couple of self-confessed Radiohead groupies (Hi! V and A) [Victoria and Albert? ed] outside the gig, we killed some time in the Virgin Megastore until about 4pm, when we returned to find the pavement swamped with people already. I tried to get into the gig early to set up my RWS stall, but hadn't bet on the extremely stroppy breed of bouncer that inhabits Paris. The band were walking from venue to tour bus quite often and having a lot of trouble operating the combination lock door into the bus. Not good, as they were starting to get recognised by some of the massive crowd. Eventually, Nice Bloke Tim, the tour manager, succeeded in getting me past the extreme security (no mean feat!) and I set up shop inside.

The support were actually quite good, although totally unknown [er, actually they had a really good single out last summer called In The Groove Again, and the singer's called Comfort... ed] they were called Out Of My Hair and played lots of Dodgy-esque stuff. Jonny must be giving keyboard lessons now as the

keyboard player was really into weird noises. Myself and Chris (ex-pat from Surrey and assistant fanzine seller) then stowed everything away and walked down to the already sauna-like standing area. The venue was almost identical to the Shepherd's Bush Empire – about 1100 capacity, raised walkway at the rear and steeply sloping balcony that was deserted. The French have the right idea, as you could choose where to stand, and I think that there's nothing worse that being stuck upstairs (seated) because downstairs has sold out.

On come the band to a massive reception and play Planet Telex, Bones, High & Dry, Bullet Proof, My Iron Lung, Electioneering, Nice Dream, Black Star, Lift, Creep, I Promise, The Bends, Fake Plastic Trees, Lucky, Anyone Can Play Guitar and Just. First encores was Street Spirit, Airbag, Blow Out. Second encore was You. Twenty songs, three new ones and almost all of The Bends. Brilliant. Lots of highlights, I'd certainly forgotten how 'nasty' My Iron Lung has become – it makes the recorded version sound very tame. I firmly believe there should be a sign outside warning people that the song will be played tonight. The new songs are worth waiting for. Absolutely classic stuff. I am convinced that I Promise will be Radiohead's first number one single.

The gig ended, and after an intense period of fanzine "sellage" we hung around after the gig talking to Jonny and getting bits and pieces signed. Jonny wasn't keen to go outside as it was getting late, so I left to catch the last Metro home. Apparently, Jonny and the rest of the band later spent an long time outside meeting fans and signing records, well after I got back to the hotel. I'm sure they enjoy it all really. Some bands may not have bothered, but Radiohead aren't "some band".

"I still see Thom wriggling behind his microphone, wearing his funny Game Boy T-shirt"

Paris
Le Bataclan
26 May 96
Ceri Cushen

After endless hours spent on trains, coaches and one hell of a rough ride on a ferry, we finally made it. The night we had dreamt about for so long was here, we were in Paris and about to see Radiohead live for the first time in our lives.

We knew it would be one of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences as soon as we walked through the doors into the Bataclan Theatre. With its old fashioned decor and almost run down appearance it's the perfect venue to see the perfect band, no mass hysteria or hype, just a few hundred adoring fans.

"Thom walks on, head hung down, hands in his pockets he casts a haunting silhouette"

Sitting cross legged on the cold floor it seemed they would be more at home at Reading or Glastonbury, not here only minutes away from witnessing what was to be the most artistic live performance of what can only be described as "pure musical talent" and "unassuming brilliance".

The sound check's complete and we find ourselves in the front row, just feet away from the boys themselves. The band prepare their first assault on your senses as Thom walks on, head hung down, hands in his pockets he casts a haunting silhouette of the type that should belong to a homeless waif walking the back-streets of London, but as the lighting reveals more, that emotionless frown grows into a knowing schoolboy grin He's wearing red corduroy flares and a faded Gameboy T shirt, his hair is bright orange.

The crowd suddenly come alive, as though they too were connected to his amp, as Jonny leads the intro on his keyboard. Thom glides into the hypnotic rhythm of Planet Telex. Song after song is belted out, including some fantastic new material, one in particular called I Promise. Then Jonny demonstrates his "outstanding unique style" with the delayed power chords of Creep. This really sets the French fans alight and I wonder if we're the only British fans in the whole place.

The night culminates with Street Spirit, and you have the feeling that the band enjoyed

themselves nearly as much as you, with a genuine thank-you to their support group, Out Of My Hair, and a sincere farewell to all their fans, the band exit. Shoulders hunched once more, as though his entire life supply stems from his music, Thom shuffles away, looking back for one last wave, he is gone, leaving me dripping with sweat from head to foot and in desperate need of a good shower or a very large whisky.

Paris
Le Bataclan
26 May 96
Jeanne Aeschlimann

Probably the best day of my life! Yes, for the second time I saw Radiohead playing live. I'm sure those of you who have already seen them on stage understand me very well. Don't you?

Well, I don't know how to begin, there is so much to say about their amazing shows. They are simply the best. There was a strange and heavy atmosphere that night at the Bataclan (Parisian behaviour is so strange). The set began with a strong version of Planet Telex, Ed was just completely wild, he was jumping around (it cost him a terrible backache. "I'm an old man" he said to my sister after the show). I still see Thom wriggling behind his microphone, wearing his funny Game Boy T-shirt. Radiohead were just perfect, they were just there with their incredible and powerful songs.

Anyway, I wouldn't write if I didn't have something special to tell you. So I am going to explain to you as well as I can, probably the three most hallucinating (sic) minutes of my life.

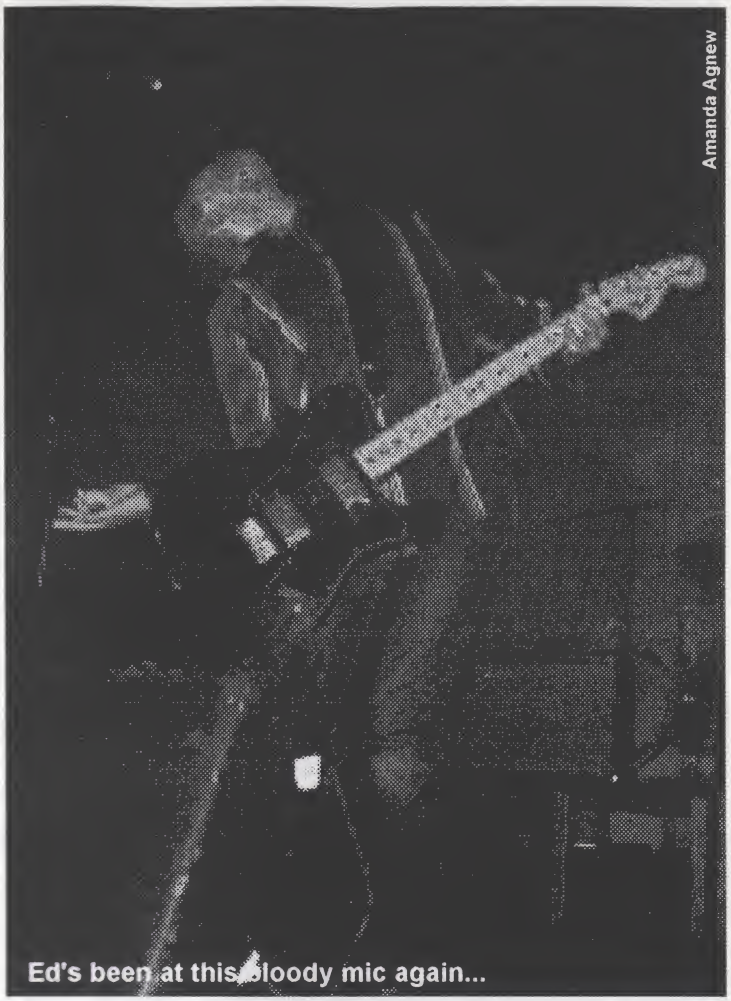
I'm sure all of you know Fake Plastic Trees and I'm sure that you must know all the lyrics by heart, too. So, at the end of the song, when Thom sings, "If I could be you wanted, if I could be who you wanted, all the time..." I screamed the biggest "You are" he's ever heard in his life. How do I know that? Just in conclusion of his reaction, which was an astonished laugh. Then I screamed again, and in response I had the most beautiful smile I've ever seen, and then I screamed again...

"This power manifests itself in a great energy and an uncontrollable happiness"

You can't imagine what feeling I had at this moment: yes, I've made him laugh; no, I disturbed him during the most sad moment in the song... What else can I say... It was simply magic.

I can't end this without speaking about their new songs. They performed in Paris their so beautiful songs I Promise and Airbag, and their performances were so strong and deep that they make me think that I won't be able to wait until March to hear their new album.

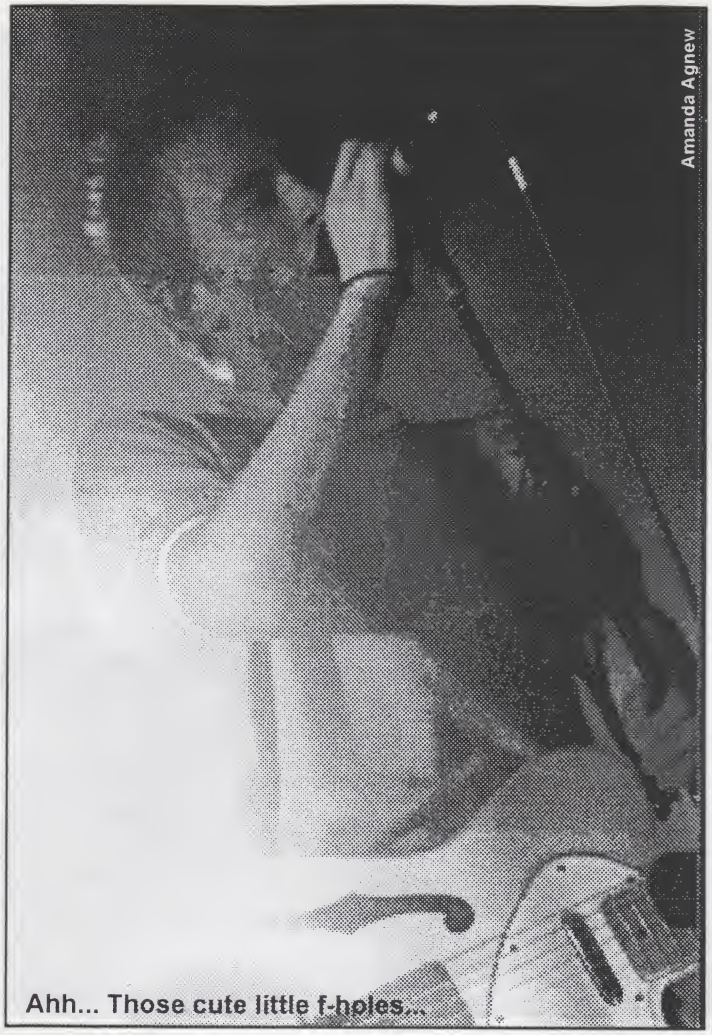
So I don't see anything else to say except that in addition to being the most talented band at the moment (and in future, I hope) they are very nice and patient people. I don't at all regret all the miles I made from Geneva to Paris!



Ed's been at this bloody mic again...

Paris
La Cigale
16 Apr 96
Kim O'Niell

"French frenzy" best described the mood when the set opened with My Iron Lung. A frightening



Ahh... Those cute little f-holes...

contrast of highs and lows immediately brought the audience to euphoria. Bones, Nice Dream and Planet Telex thrilled our senses, intercepted by some older material, Blow Out and Anyone Can Play Guitar all sounding better than ever. Each delicate and explosive emotion emanating from them washed over and swept us in. As usual Radiohead and audience were one.

The venue of only 1400 was perfect for such unity and Thom allowed the hands of those in the front row to touch the edge of his guitar whilst he played. They graced us with Bullet Proof and Lucky, which lulled us briefly into more introspective mood. This set treated us to three new songs, showing all the signs of their subtlety and power, each song offering something new and exciting for the future.

The first encore brought impatient cries when the band arrived back on stage and Thom teasingly stood, hand on forehead, for some moments before starting. Ending with a blistering version of The Bends, they were ultimately begged back for one final encore of Banana Co., so diversely different in mood and style. Then they were gone.

I left with a sense of excitement and joy. Hopefully, it will sustain me until the next time.

Oxford Zodiac

2 July 96

Charlie Ryland

As the beautiful, uplifting melody of new song Lift came pulsing through the awe-struck crowd, the psycho bloke next to me stopped pushing and swearing and actually held my hand. A true rock and roll moment. Yes, this band have power...

Tonight, in the venue where Radiohead played some of their first gigs, this power manifests itself in a great energy and, more importantly, an uncontrollable happiness which is evident not only in every single face of the 400 strong audience but, more unusually, on the faces of the band. Thom, in particular, (maybe because it marks such a change) looks as if all his Christmases have come at once. Tonight, it seems, is pure self-indulgence on his part. "It's good to be back," he shouts as he walks on, and his between-song banter includes an apology for sometimes being nasty to fans, but "I'm not very good and being nice". Ed joins him in a charming rendition of a few lines of that band's She's Electric and more, until he gives up and just plays the songs. After all, he asks, what do you say to people you know?

From the outset, this energy and contentedness exudes from every shining, smiling face in the building. Indeed, Thom's figure, as the rest of the band rip joyously into set opener Bones, hands in pockets and a wry smile on is lips, proves him to be totally at ease, happy and completely in control, while the ecstatic audience hang on his every word. The atmosphere is electric, perhaps expressed best by Thom's T-shirt, which says it all really, bearing the words "Final" and "Home".

This gig, to everyone here that queued for hours for tickets and to everybody (about half the audience actually) on the guest list, is very special. When you experience the stunning, first class live spectacle that Radiohead have metamorphosed into over the years, it becomes clear that tonight means more than "local boys come good". It's a true homecoming gig that nobody present will ever forget, and which proves without a

shadow of a doubt that this band, our band, deserve to and are now ready to go all the way.

The third album is the next step and Radiohead quashed many doubts about the possibility of successfully following The Bends by showcasing an array of fantastic new songs, ranging from I Promise, a wistful number gradually working itself up into a frenzy, to the blinding Paranoid Android (describing Thom, or so he says). I was stunned by their immediacy, and they proved to be definite highlights of the two hour long set (so long that Thom called the break before the first encore an "interval"!). We were also treated to an angelic Bullet Proof, a gloriously liberating, delirious My Iron Lung, and the conspicuous, yet welcomed, absence of Creep. It seemed that, in front of a home crowd, Radiohead finally felt able to free themselves from 'that song' and the relief felt by them and us as Thom smiled, "There's one song we're not going to play tonight" confirmed that stage has gone and Radiohead are now free to leap forward.

The climax of tonight, however, clearly both for the band and the audience, was undoubtedly the final five songs, before which Thom stood at the edge of the stage, leaned towards the crowd, cupped his hand round his ear and really played what we wanted to hear. So the magnificent Black Star and rare Banana Co. got an airing, followed by Thom's solo acoustic Thinking About You while the rest of the band watched from the audience. And then, after a stomping Stop Whispering, Radiohead left the stage to thunderous applause from an audience who then reluctantly dispersed. Yet the look of awe and the stunned expressions as they spilled out on to the street embodied everything that Radiohead stand for and have been building up to over the past years. No band around now has the power, vitality and endless originality of tonight's heroes and although singing along to the The Bends line "Where do we go from here?" the answer is obvious. There only one way for Radiohead to go now. Higher and higher... to the very top.

OK, Phil, you can come out now...

Guardian's Angels

It's wierd where Radiohead crop up these days. Radio Four, The Times, anywhere, it seems, but in the music press. Even when they're "not doing press", they still manage to be splattered across it. The Guardian ran a piece on 13 Jul 96, written by Jim Shelley, and as I only saw it because someone pointed it out to me, here it is...

Waking up from a bad dream is probably nothing new for Thom Yorke but, hours later, this morning's dream is still lingering, still bothering him. Radiohead's notoriously maudlin frontman describes it to me with all the twitchy trepidation of someone obviously reluctant to seem as if he's taking such a thing too seriously, but who can't help talking about it.

"In the dream, everybody I'd ever met in my whole life came to a party at my house and I had be be nice to everyone," he says. "Some people I'd been really horrible to turned up and I had to be nice to them too. Every person I know was there, watching."

You must have had a very big house, I point out, by way of consolation.

"Yeah, I did," he admits. "I'm rich – in the dream, I mean. I'm rich." As dreams go, it's not exactly difficult to interpret. Fear of fame and being submerged by it; fear of the falseness that invariable follows it; the fear of changing, becoming alienated, because of it.

He knows where the dream came from – from a party the previous night following Radiohead's triumphant showcase gig in New York. Yorke stood at the back in the corner, clutching a carrier bag, looking like some sort of gamin, scruffy urchin bunking off school, a gate-crasher at his own party, drinking faster and faster as the groupies and stargazers moved in.

Yorke shudders.

"The thing about what happened in the dream was that I liked it. Even though it was awful, I liked it cos everyone was being nice to me."

This last revelation, anxiously blurted out almost despite himself, hangs in the air between us, leaving us both feeling rather despondent. We sit there for a minute in silence, pondering his hypocrisy, struggling to come up with a more positive interpretation of the dream. His blatant insecurity is not the problem. It's actually quite endearing. What's more unsettling is the possibility that this was not a dream at all. What if it's The Future?

Certainly, it's not difficult to foresee Yorke's private nightmare turning into reality. In retrospect, missing out on last year's Brit Pop bandwagon turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to Radiohead. Passed over by the press, as the likes of Elastica, The Bluetones and Pulp cashed in their chips to claim their 15 minutes, Radiohead became the ugly ducklings of Brit Pop, The Band That Missed The Boat. Gradually, though, helped by a series of stunning videos for singles like High & Dry and Street Spirit, the months went by, the momentum grew, and Radiohead's album, The Bends, released last year, is now widely regarded as the most accomplished and enduring of the lot.

"All of us have been given great belief in ourselves. It's like a flash of release more than inspiration"

These days it's almost impossible to see the name Radiohead without the works "the next REM", "Britain's answer to Nirvana" or "the U2 it's okay to like" written alongside it. Their first release since The Bends, the single Lucky, was so obviously the stand-out track on the Bosnia Help compilation that Melody Maker wrote, "Radiohead are no longer capable of anything other than brilliance."

America obviously agrees, responding to Yorke's almost adolescent sense of social anxiety and unease, his dark sentimentality, embracing the band as a kind of Oasis With Intellect. Sometimes it seems the only choice ahead of Yorke is whether he should take on the band's new-found stadium status with his integrity intact – like Michael Stipe – or with the shameless complacency of a band like Simple Minds – and turn into Jim Kerr.

Sleepy-eyed and pale, quizzical as a cartoon with his tatty Woody Woodpecker haircut and his thin bones lost inside crumpled clothes, Thom Yorke just doesn't look cut out for a superstar's job. He is 27, five-foot-five, clean and English and indulgent, his punched-in face scrunched up into a permanent scowl.

Born with one eye closed and paralysed, Yorke grew up used to being the victim. He had five major operations before the age of six, and spent a year wearing an eye-patch and being laughed at by the other kids, who called him Salamander. Each time his family moved, he encountered a new ordeal and had to work through the same trauma. Maybe he's been getting up on stage all this time simply to shove his defects, his disability, in the audience's faces, challenging people to reject him on an even bigger scale. Except now they're worshipping him. No wonder he finds it confusing.

For years, the fuel to Radiohead's fire – their whole raison d'etre – has been their sense of inadequacy and anxiety, that they would never amount to

anything. They have virtually fetishised the threat of failure, cultivating their sense of imminent collapse into a permanent state.

Formed in Oxford, around the time of 1991's Summer of Love, and bonded by a love of bands like Magazine and Joy Division, Radiohead were instantly unfashionable, immediately out of step. Out of time.

Yorke squirms.

"It was a period of acute embarrassment. I was pretty into it at college, but there wasn't enough emotion to it. I kept trying to go to raves."

"It's a very weird position to be in, to be the stadium rock band it's okay to like"

Their first EP in May 1992, Drill (first chorus: "I'm better off dead"), was refreshingly dark and insistent, invigorating enough immediately to win them a fiercely loyal following. But disaster struck when their second, Creep (with the chorus: "I wish I was special/So fucking special/But I'm a creep"), became a one-song phenomenon, an American anthem of alienation and self-loathing, propelling their first album, Pablo Honey, into the American Top 40. In a self-fulfilling prophecy, Yorke became "the Creep guy".

Far from providing some sort of palliative for their neuroses, Radiohead turned success into something that only made matters worse. Encouraged by their American record company to capitalise, they toured the States for months, realising too late that they were still playing material that was more than two years old; just another band that turns into the thing they hate.

"We sucked Satan's cock," Yorke spits, with typical scorn, "It took a year-and-a-half to get back to the people we were... To cope with it, emotionally." By then, says guitarist Jonny Greenwood, they were "operating in a kind of stasis. Thom was trying to shut off from everything. The rest of us just weren't communicating." Sick of touring, by the time they went into the studio, they had become phobic about recording anything. Their confidence was shot.

"We were playing like paranoid little mice in cages," says Greenwood. "We were scared of our instruments, scared of every note not being right." Perhaps the secret of their success is that they learnt to turn their paranoia into a virtue.

Contrary to popular wisdom, it's often a band's second album that proves to be their most natural and direct expression; where they shake off their influences (in Yorke's case, early Elvis Costello) and get the confidence to be themselves.

After resting up and scrapping their early demos ("Guns N'Roses pomp rock"), they returned to record The Bends in majestic form. The title perfectly summed up the band's state of flux and Yorke's personal alienation that bordered on repulsion, brought on by the rigours and unreality of touring: "Baby's got the bends/We don't have any real friends."

The sense of malaise and self-disgust becomes more and more palpable the more you listen to The Bends. Greenwood has said it shocked him, "how much it's about illness, doctors... it's a real medical album." But despite it's success, they still perceive themselves as having never belonged, been made welcome – by the press or the industry. Radio-play has always been denied them (too gloomy). Radio One refused even to put Lucky on it's playlist, even though it was for Bosnia.

The music press, too, has always treated Radiohead with suspicion. For a start, they can play their instruments (which is always a worry), with suspiciously mature, muso sensibilities. They have far too many ideas, layering their records with strangeness and innovation, obviously aiming for something bordering on beauty. Too MOR and too middle-class, five students who first met at Abingdon boarding school, Radiohead are the sort of band who spend their time on their tour bus playing bridge. When I'm introduced to bass-player Colin Greenwood, (Jonny's brother), he's lending someone a book – the socio-economic history, The Collapse of Power. Radiohead Do Not Party is practically a by-law among music journalists. When support act David Gray trashed their dressing-room, the story goes, Radiohead tidied it up.

The single Lucky encapsulated the sceptic's worst fears: a jauntingly uneasy ballad about Yorke's preoccupation with mortality, it includes a Pink Floyd-sized guitar solo and lighter-waving opportunities.

The common perception was that Radiohead, like Bush or The Cranberries before them, were heading for the American mainstream, a sort of alternative version of Tears For Fears, set to follow in the footsteps of bands like James and Simple Minds and sell out as soon as possible. Watching them soundcheck in New York, I can't say you'd notice.

True, the unnaturally affable Colin Greenwood and the drummer, Phil Selway fulfil the Wyman and Watts roles with foot-tapping aplomb. The others, though, can make for unorthodox, even uncomfortable viewing. Stage left, the tall, bug-eyed figure of guitarist Ed O'Brian charges around performing a series of the most overly-energetic leaps and glory poses since the Clash or The Who in their heyday.

Stage right, (wearing what can only be described as a pair of mid-Seventies-style "cans"), Radiohead's second guitarist, the impossibly beautiful Jonny Greenwood, appears to spend most of his time plucking agitatedly at the wrong end of his guitar. He crouches on the floor, coaxing the sort of noises more closely associated with Van Der Graaf Generator – the sort of thing that has elder critics reaching for the word "extemporisation".

In the middle, Yorke strums away furiously on his guitar, like an unnaturally absorbed, slightly deranged busker, blessed with the voice of an anxious angel. "They love me like I was a brother/They protect me/Listen to me/They dug me my very own garden/Gave me sunshine/Make me happy," he sings, before tearing into the chaotic chorus "Nice dream/Nice dreeeeam".

The others shuffle off, leaving Yorke's tiny frame performing a pretty-sounding acoustic number he's working on, a kind of emotional-protest music. With his eyes closed tight, his head hanging to one side, convulsing with spastic energy, he stands there singing his heart out, a bitter twisted mannequin. The punchline, sung in beautiful soprano, rings round the empty hall: "I will see you in the next life." And then he's gone. It's like watching a nervous breakdown gone solo.

Earlier, I had been reading an interview where he summed up The

Bends as "cynical and nervous and not making sense. You get the feeling at the end of it that there's something wrong, but you can't work out what it is." Sitting watching him here, it's obvious that the something wrong with it is... Him.

His baggy maroon cords falling over his shoes, and wearing a red Game Boy T-shirt and thin grey jumper, Yorke wanders around the empty auditorium with the sort of jaunty cockiness that reminds me of a Belfast schoolboy throwing stones at the soldiers. He is, predictably, a mass of contradictions: a strange blend of snide cynicism, bitter self-pity and earnest decency. There is still something studenty about him – his juvenile sense of humour; his naff sense of outsiderness; his naively radical idealism.

He wants to change the charts, change the Government, change the NME, and sits at home grumbling, shouting at the telly. He thinks the media should be "creative and informing, empowering", but says it's just a distraction instead, making a spectator sport out of fame. "The press could destroy us," he mutters darkly. "They have a million weapons." He thinks things like following football or liking The Clash are "not feminine enough" for him.

Most of all, he worries. He worries about swearing too much, about being too nice or too nasty; about not writing back to the fan mail he carries about in a duffle bag ("not exactly fountains of joy"); about what the next album's going to sound like; whether all his darkest secret fears are just being repackaged into music for people to play on their car stereos as they travel to work.

He worries about whether his life is becoming too glamourous and removed or too banal, too corporate. He sits there hugging his knees and scowling into space, worrying whether he's turning into Jim Kerr.

I can't help but point out that there was a time when Kerr used to spend his interviews talking about existentialism and the Speed of Life, the alienation and anxiety of travel and global communication, just like Yorke does now. And look what a travesty he turned into.

He worries about how to behave with all the screaming girls and groupies. "I tend to run away if it's anything beyond them saying they like the music. We were at a single sex school so... You know... Anyway, I have someone that I love," he blushes. "So it's... Nice."

He worries about the words to new songs, works on them dutifully, and is obviously happy that they matter. But he squirms at the idea of them being treated like poetry, that his lyrics are a distillation of pure misery.

America, in particular, fails to see the irony, the way he's prepared to send himself up. The New York Times started its review: "The world is caving in on Thom Yorke. He has no real friends. He loses faith in everything every day and he thinks he'd be better off dead." At the same time, he can't help worrying about the idea that some 12-year-old girl in Seattle is sitting in her room at this minute, listening to Street Spirit, trying to decide which way to kill herself.

In New York, where the "culture of despair" is something akin to a teen craze, you can see the kids before the gig — 12, 13 years old, drinking beer, smoking dope and popping Prozac, wearing their Nine Inch Nails T-shirts and clutching their Dennis Cooper novels. During the gig, just before High & Dry, someone shouts something and Yorke repeats it: "This one's dedicated to the girl who just shouted 'help me, Thom, I'm dying'" It's the Radiohead equivalent of a heckle.

"I have absolutely no intention of lightening up, because when I do I really will turn into Jim Kerr."

"Some famous pop star told me to lighten up. And I felt really proud of myself because I haven't lightened up. I have absolutely no intention of lightening up, because when I do I really will turn into Jim Kerr."

Of course, despite everything, Yorke is a jolly little chap. He's tough, with the sort of cocksuredness that likes to get into fights. He's prone to protecting his tetchy temper as a point of principle. He is getting fed up being treated like some sort of casualty, propped up on Prozac and poetic despair. He's started making jokes about being on heroin and attempting suicide, telling people if they want music to slash their wrists to, they should listen to The Smiths instead, even though that's what he did himself.

Still, for all his brave denials, as Jonny Greenwood says, "all Thom's songs eventually come down to how he's feeling". Talk to the others about him, and apart from an almost awestruck adherence to the belief that he is the most articulate, interesting lyricist of his generation, what you find is a sense of protection.

They all say that the success of The Bends, combined with the support slot on REM's tour last year and their largest headlining gig to date — 5,000 people in Toronto — have done him the world of good, "given him more confidence". Only an incident in Germany, described by the NME as "Thom's tantrum", clouded the idea that every-thing was going swimmingly.

"I freaked out. I couldn't sing. Threw stuff around. The amp, the drum kit... I had blood all over my face. I cried for two hours afterwards." His explanation — that he was ill and couldn't cope with his strange medication, that he cracked up when his voice started giving out — did nothing to allay the idea that he was undergoing some sort of burn-out, like Bowie or Kurt Cobain. He jokes about his imminent demise doing wonders for his back catalogue, but stops when he realises it probably would.

Radiohead's dilemma is What To Do Next. What sort of band do they want to be? How big do they really want to get? "It's a very weird position to be in," Yorke shrugs. "To be the stadium rock band it's okay to like. I thought it might double my paranoia level, but it's exciting. It's actually more liberating, the idea that people might wanna hear it."

Still, he can't help but sneer about "sit-down audiences", and admits there is something truly disheartening about hearing thousands of American kids singing "I wanna perfect body" with none of the line's original pathos or irony.

What Yorke probably wants, of course, is the best of both worlds, something similar to the artists he most admires — people like Elvis Costello, Neil Young or Tom Waits. "You know,

just come back every three or four years, then go off and record an album down the bottom of the garden." But he has the grace to allow himself a smirk, adding: "Simple Minds probably said that too."

Just thinking about it gives him an attack of anxiety, a ridiculous sense of responsibility. "Paying the crew retainers suggests that the next record is going to do well automatically. The idea that what I do pays someone else's wages at all is just so weird. Disturbing. I'm not sure how long I'd be able to handle that — creatively. At the moment, the idea that we could be as big as U2 or REM, we just couldn't handle it."

Right now, Yorke is trying to get a life, make a life, before it's too late, so at least he has one to be taken away from him. "It's almost like frantic desperation at the moment," he grins, desperately. He has bought a house in Oxford (he calls it The House That Creep Built) and has been trying his hand at normal life — "spending as much money on household appliances as possible. Taking them home to my girlfriend and saying, 'here you go'. The house is still full of them, still in their boxes. It's just stuff that I bought to try and claim my life back."

The prospect of repeating the commercial and creative success of The Bends must seem pretty daunting. The new songs are coming thick and fast, and the ones I heard (as yet unrecorded) sound simple, more mainstream, more REM, with some Roxy Music synthesisers thrown in. (Those of us who are worried about the Simple Minds factor will be alarmed to hear them talking about their excitement at "just hearing each other play".)

One called Electioneeering is pretty upbeat — and almost Clash-style skiffle — while Airbag is another scrape with Yorke's mortal self. Another new one, I Promise, is, Yorke murmurs, "about faith, in, er, a relationship. It's supposed to be quite positive."

It's possible that Radiohead's ultimate fate will depend not on Yorke, but on Jonny Greenwood, who provides the avant-garde edge to off-set Yorke's perfect pop.

"The next challenge," Jonny muses, "is to find the great, extremely catchy atonal riff." He's been exploring his growing "prog-rock" collection (luckily, so far he's found most of it "unlistenable. The lyrics are unforgivable"), learning the viola and flute.

"It's a bit pastoral, isn't it?" he sighs. "A bit One Leg Up On A Log." Besides synthesisers, he's also been getting into dub, "which I suppose means the new stuff will be a heady mixture of Augustus Pablo meets Rick Wakeman".

The predominant atmosphere in the band, they all make a point of saying, is "very positive". (Radiohead fans will, understandably, immediately start worrying.) "I think we've got back to how we were when we started. Same kind of excitement. We're so uptight generally, I wouldn't contemplate the idea of getting complacent. We're not used to people liking us, so I don't think it'll ever happen."

Yorke, for his part, is beaming. "All of us have been given great belief in ourselves. It's like a flash of release more than inspiration. I know we can do it now. The next album will be about that release. The way we're writing and the way we feel when we play together is about release now. And the new stuff is grateful and will hopefully be good because of that. I have every intention that the next record will be a very grateful record." It's a nice dream.

Whadda you wanna watch? I dunno. Whadda you wanna watch?

Americana Coma

When Radiohead toured the USA last year, Alternative Press, America's indie rag, sent Randee Dawn along to see what made the lads tick. Clockwork just doesn't come in to it.

They pass, silent and unnoticed, through the vast, echoing train station, gliding to the exit as a unit, carrying with them a sleepy haze to match the humid grayness of the afternoon. Slouching in queue for the taxis, Radiohead wait with the patience of those who are accustomed to the task.

Jonny Greenwood pulls out a thick book and tries to steal a few words. Thom Yorke lags behind everyone else but his choppy, flaring red hair acts like a signal light. Colin Greenwood, dressed nattily in a dark, double-breasted jacket and small, rounded sunglasses, smokes a cigarette between two fingers in the delicate way of Englishmen, and they wait. Finally, someone comments, "You do not look like tourists."

Colin starts a bit and grows defensive. "Well, what do we look like?"

"Well, you look like rock stars."

Colin sighs melodramatically. "Finally. After all these years."

Boston

Thom Yorke has always wanted to be a pop star. Back when some of his friends were deciding which office cubicle they would disappear behind after college graduation, back before the rest of his friends envisioned becoming travelling artisan hippies, Thom told everyone he was going to be a pop star. "And that," he says, "is what my father told everyone I wanted to do with myself. Only now that it's come true, he doesn't know what to say."

It's not such a bad thing, being a pop star. You're provided a jumbo-sized tour bus, girls (and boys) eagerly await your emergence from backstage, and hell, look what you're being paid to do. No sir, being a pop star these days could be considered the easy life. And hopefully, someday someone will inform Radiohead of that fact, because right now, in the cave-like cool of the Paradise rock club in Boston, being a pop star sucks.

"We're all a bit inbred in England. Have you seen the Royal Family?"

It is the first night of Radiohead's tour in America, and everyone is still reeling in a foggy haze of jet lag. There is the low-lying dread of having a perfect stranger on the tour for several days – a music journalist no less – but high above that creeping inevitability is the fact that Thom can't hear.

Striding into the cave out of the glaring afternoon sun, Thom clutches the sides of his head as if the artillery fire of Phil Selway's drumcheck is too much for him, which it is. "I've got fluid in my ears," he explains, resting his book on a cocktail table, "and it makes me hypersensitive. I'm going to have to wear earplugs, I think, for soundcheck and the show."

Rock Star 101 Lecture Number One: Why Pop Stars Don't Fly to Every Gig. While there may be other reasons (namely, money), driving from point A to point B is a fact of life for bands, no matter how much cash they can get a record company to front them. Travelling is dehydrating, and the changes in pressure, Thom explains, wreak havoc on your system. Sure, nobody notices if they fly once a month or less, but prior to the tour beginning tonight in Boston, Radiohead jetted across the US, showing off their latest album, The Bends, with special promotional gigs, including several acoustic dates. Despite glowing British press review, at first the reception abroad was sceptical at best. To many Americans, this was the Creep band, the one-hit wonder whose first new single, Fake Plastic Trees, a meandering, slow tune, wasn't exactly burning up the charts. In the face of this, Radiohead flew from place to place, day after day, gig after gig, until Thom's ears filled with water, as if he'd been swimming in the deep end of the pool.

He has another reason to be concerned: backstage, pacing up and down, insisting on seeing

"one doctor in each city, if necessary," Thom mutters that deafness runs in his family, and that this drowning of his hearing could be a first sign of trouble. And to look at him, in his much-pondered-upon pale, childlike frame, it does not seem impossible that one day, Thom Yorke could just wake up one morning, deaf as Beethoven.

Siam Cuisine Boston

Joan Wasser, the Dambuilders' member with the long streak of blonde in her ebony hair, is enjoying her Thai dinner not more than five feet from Radiohead's restaurant table, and Colin Greenwood is beside himself. Mustering up his courage, he walks over to her table, has a moment or two of conversation, and comes back to his own food. "I love the Dambuilders, he says. "Do you own anything of theirs?"

Enter Colin, the lone bassist in a band of guitarists, fervent fan of the Dambuilders and Tricky, avid bookworm. In fact, while nearly every Radiohead is a bookworm, Colin, who graduated from Cambridge University with an English Literature degree, is the keenest reader. Were he not eating, Colin would probably be found curled up with his history of Greek occupation during WWII. "When the Italian general surrendered to the Allied Forces in '43, the Germans were still occupying Greece," explains Colin, "and a lot of Italian soldiers were killed on the island waiting for the Allied Forces to come and save them. It turns out Churchill had plans to invade Greece and liberate it, but had been advised not to."

"Everything you do as a band, whatever band you're in, is basically the same"

Life with Colin is not always this dry, but this far there is precious little tour to speak of. Thanks to Thom's health problems, a long flight over, and general first-night jitters, The Bends tour (which won't officially begin for another two hours) is not starting very auspiciously. Under the surface, something is brewing within the band, and almost intangible need that no one vocalises just yet.

On the surface, Colin is not fazed by the tour. It is something he will read, soundcheck and bass his way through, almost a holiday but not quite. It may be only the first night, but for Colin, everything is already old hat. "I remember meeting Gene in New

It's the Ren and Stimpy Show....

York a while ago," he says, "and they were really excited about coming to America, and it was weird because I felt like the tired old musician, and we've only done three tours here. Elvis Costello did seventeen tours.

"And you see reflected in their faces something that you had when you turned up the first time. Not the 'We're going to show America where the true rock lies,' just... something more eager. And what's weird about that is that everything you do as a band, whatever band you're in, is basically the same. There's not much diversity between what PJ Harvey does or Radiohead does or Gene does, in terms of promotion, bus, soundcheck, bus, Denny's, soundcheck, laundry, bus, gig. But it does beat working."

"I don't think we really knew what we were letting ourselves in for"

Between gigs, it might be said there is no Radiohead, just five guys from the same hometown of Oxford, England, who went to the same school but never really associated until they started a band called On A Friday in the late 80's. No one's individual identity hinges on begin part of a group 24 hours a day; like five straight, infinite lines they are on their own course, and scatter in multiple directions when there is no reason to be a band. But where all the lines intersect, where all five guys, five personalities – five wires cross – that juncture is Radiohead.

Boston's show will not be considered a highlight of the tour. Technically, Radiohead's wires cross as they churn out nearly all of The Bends much louder and harder than the John Leckie-produced album would lead anyone to think Radiohead could play. Nearly in a froth, the crowd responds by stage-diving, nearly taking over the performance. Thom, tense and agitated over the earplugs (during soundcheck he cried, "Am I in key?") knocks a mosher of the stage with his guitar, telling "Stop all this fucking moshing!" At one point Ed takes charge, removing his guitar to toss a stage diver into the hands of security, drawing his own line in the sand.

"It seems the people who are into moshing are those people from college who you detested, the sports jocks," says Ed later on, "the ones who normally stayed away from so-called alternative shows, and who were seen at a Van Halen or Bon Jovi show, and now think alternative music is their thing. And that's fine, I'm very much for winning those people over, but don't bring your fucking bullying instincts to one of our gigs where there are young girls and blokes out there. It's become and ego thing, so they get to be a hero with their friends. Maybe we should have a cage at stage right, like Metallica. We could throw them meat during the show."

"What brought me back was just talking to the others, 'cause they're my best friends"

Fortunately, the next night in Providence, Rhode Island, goes much better. While the moshers yell right back at the band, Radiohead are warming up to the challenge of touring and, as if to prove composure does not equal confidence, Colin drinks himself stupid, running around after the show, "telling everybody I wanted to have their children, or something like that. There was this sense of relief, that it could be really, really good over here. We weren't sure it could be again."

Three days later, the whole tour nearly implodes.

New Yorke City

Life on the road, even when you've only been officially on the road a week, can get weird. "I don't think we really knew what we were letting ourselves in for," says Thom about his horrendous experiences touring acoustically. "By the end of that three-month period I felt like a politician more than a musician. And then we went on to do this tour... To go on and be a publicity machine again, it was just more than I could stomach. I was telling Tim [Radiohead's tour manager] to book me a flight home the day we arrived in New York. I had a complete breakdown that night."

The strain is well disguised at Tramps, where Radiohead blast their way back into New York like they own the place. Thom, with his Woody Woodpecker hair and skinny tie, rants and stomps about like Johnny Rotten's second cousin twice removed forcibly, and the songs sound tighter and more focused. The music thing they've got sewn up. It's with everything else they're having difficulties.

Meanwhile, it's time to play The Hit again and, despite the obviousness of playing it, Creep is one hell of a song to hear live. That furniture-moving riff that Jonny breaks in twain just before the chorus is death-defying to hear live, to watch his braced arm (a result of repetitive stroke syndrome (sic)) slice up and down and hear that noise come out makes him the most powerful man in the room. Even after thousands of playings, The Hit still devastates.

After the show, Phil hangs around with his family-in-law, and soon departs for a night of calm drinking. Colin never even showed his face downstairs, dashing off to see Tricky play. Ed – well Ed is around, but he is about to put a lot of hard work in developing a hangover for the next day. Jonny, formerly the most powerful man in the room, is reduced back to himself, tall and gangly with impossible cheekbones, and is chatting with a young woman named Valerie, who has told him he resembles a friend of hers in England. "You look just like my friend Gina," she says. "You could be a member of her family."

"Well," smiles Jonny, "we're all a bit inbred in England. Have you seen the Royal Family?"

Thom is hiding. The best evidence of his still-cranky mood comes when a writer for People magazine sashays out of the dressing room, peeved. "All I said was what a great concert it was," he sniffs. "Some people can't take a compliment."

But in the end, crisis or no, the tour goes on. "What brought me back," Thom says, "was just talking to the others, 'cause they're my best friends and if there's something wrong they need to know about it." And there came the breakthrough – what had been niggling under the surface since Boston was a need for some free-form creative time. "We just sat around and tried to work it out with Tim so we can get time to play. It's such a simple thing. It's the only thing that keeps us going. I can't write at home, because home is home, and when I try to pick up a guitar it's like, 'Oh, he wants to write something,' and suddenly all these ghouls come up and start looking at you, saying, 'Oi, go ahead, write something good.' On tour, your whole existence is music anyway...

"I exist," says Thom, "mostly in this. My life outside the band is this big," he pinches a hair's breadth of air, "and the band is my life, like 99.9 percent. That sounds horrible, it sounds really crap, but it is true. What a sad twat I am. I obviously need help."

Part Two coming soon!

"This is the Test Card, Thom. The film finished hours ago"

Danny Clinch

S.T.U.F.F.

What does it stand for?
Silent Tortoise Urges Fantoccini Facetiae

W.A.S.T.E.

The free official Radiohead information service is still available. P.O. Box 322, Oxford, OX4 1EY.

Radiohead Answerphone

(01235) 848261

Pen to Paper

A new panpals fanzine. If you want someone to harass by mail, then write to:
Karen Gould, 4 Greystone Gdns, Kenton, Harrow, Middx, HA3 0EG.

Young, Pretty, Fucked

For details of this Manics fanzine, send an sae to:
B Seed, 4 Millhouse Rise, Immingham, South Humberside, DN40 2HJ.

Small Adverts

Manic Radiohead fan in search of rarities and/or correspondance. Will pay.
Charlie, Priory Cottage, Church St, Wantage, Oxon, OX12 8BL.

Penpal into Radiohead and or REM wanted.
Rhianna Trigg, 8 Tanglewood, Welwyn, Herts, AL6 0RU

Radiohead Penpals wanted.
Lee Potton, 64 Danesmoor, Ruscote Estate, Banbury, OX16 7QB

Promo vids for Anyone Can Play Guitar, My Iron Lung, High & Dry wanted. Also, Radiohead performances on MTV's Most Wanted, and ITV's The Beat.
Fraser MacDonald, 19 Duchy Close, Higham Ferrers, Northlands, NN10 8BZ.

Radiohead CD's, records or tapes wanted to buy/trade.
Richard Arthur, 30 Glebe Road, Groby, Leicester LE6 OGT

Gigging partners and friends of the Radiohead kind desperately wanted. Male/female – all welcome!
Martha, 112 Huntingdon Road, Upwood, Huntingdon, Cambridgshire, PE17 1QQ.

Net Addresses

http://www.musicbase.co.uk/music/radiohead
The official Radiohead Internet site.

http://www.niweb.com/tony/radiohead
Best first 'page'. Discography is quickest to download with the best colour. Also, this is the only page where there's and extensive section for Radiohead press articles.

http://www.cs.nott.ac.uk/~cpd/radiohead
The Official Unofficial Radiohead homepage. Features a new lyric interpretations page and the biggest set of complete and accurate lyrics.

http://www.abacom.com/~jfdufour
Planet Telex. Great section on e-mailing list members (pictures etc.) and good front page layout.

http://www.gfrn.org/~playdead/radiohead
Radiohead Wasteland – a Canadian look at the band. Best selection on what could be in album three. Boasts the only bootleg discography.

http://www.cityscape.co.uk/users/ac53
Immerse your soul in love – the Radiohead page. Under construction but so far it looks promising.

Thanks to Emma Sutcliffe for the above five addresses.

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Every decoding is another encoding.

Sleepful in Seattle

When America calls, the humble musician must answer, and give endless radio interviews where the DJ won't let you get a word in edgeways. Ed and Jonny suffered thus at Seattle's rock radio station, KNDD, on 25 Mar 96...

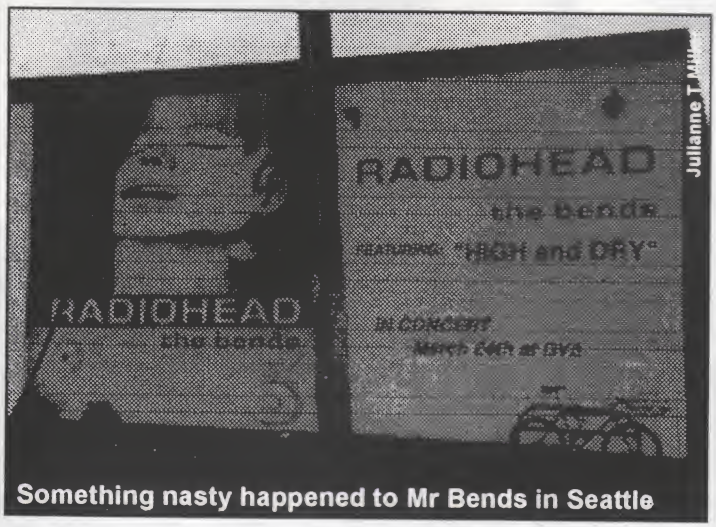
An incredible show last night – Radiohead. In the studio we have with us Jonny and Ed. Welcome to "The End", guys.

Ed and Jonny: Thank you

Thank you for being here. Great show last night. The beginning of the tour at DV8 last night seems somewhat different to what you've done before, and I'm not quite sure how to explain it, but maybe you could do a better job of that.

Jonny: Different. Well, the last show we meant to do here we had to cancel. Everything was stolen about two days before we got to Seattle so, yeah, that was all a bit of an alarming incident, wasn't it Eddie?

Ed: Yeah, and we're playing some new songs as well. Part of the thing on this tour is obviously to keep on touring America, but it's also for us. We've been rehearsing, recording stuff for the new album, the third album, so we want to play that in, so, it seemed to go down pretty well. A good way to get perspective on a song is playing it in front of an audience and get a feel for it.



Something nasty happened to Mr Bends in Seattle

And obviously the audience loved it a great deal. Third album, when's that going to be due? Well, I would guess it's *due*. When's it going to be out?

Ed: It could be September, it could be 98, that's the way we're looking at it. There are no deadlines on this. The record has to be right. Whenever it is right, finished, then that will come out.

Last night you did the show at DV8 and, I think I should share this with everybody, after the show there was a little bit of a private party for you at the Crocodile, and it seemed like every rock star that's available in Seattle was there wanting to meet you guys. Am I right in saying that?

Ed: Well, we wanted to meet them.

No, I think it was the other way round.

Ed: No, it wasn't, I can assure you!

They like you a great deal, they really do. Look, you're in the studio, it's all-request, I think what we should do is play – and this for me is one of my favourites – and I've been having a debate about this, did it come out in 1993 or 1994? I think in England it was 1992 wasn't it?

Ed: 92 first release, yeah.

And it's Creep, of course. It's 107.7 – "The End", Radiohead are in the studio. [Creep] I still have to say it, one of my all time favourite records, it really is. Creep there, from Radiohead, in the studio with us, Jonny and Ed. They're going to be going down to Portland in just a little while and, I think I should explain to everybody, the lads have been taking calls from listeners and people have been saying "Well, where's Thom? I thought he was going to come in and do a little acoustic thing?" Yes that *was* going to happen, wasn't it? You guys explain.

Jonny: Well, that's nothing, one of these people on the phone just said that they heard a rumour that Thom had sung a version of Wonderwall [everybody laughs] on Canadian radio two days ago! And we can quite happily scotch or scorch that can't we!

Explain to people why Thom isn't here, if you would.

Ed: It's because his throat is very sore at the moment. We were up in Canada in the cold air for whatever reason, and it's also lots of plane flying as well, and the last couple of nights he hasn't really been able to give it all each night.

Jonny: The shows come first of course.

Ed: The shows *always* come first.

Jonny: A bit of a showbiz phrase.

Ed: The show must go on da-Da-da-Da...

Do you like doing this? Do you like touring round and performing in front of a lot of people? You never know what's going to happen really, I suppose.

Jonny: We were shown some mammary glands yesterday, weren't we?

Ed: Yeah, we were shown some breasts for the first time ever!

Seattle ladies were showing you their *breasts?*

Ed: Good Lord! We're shy retiring Oxford chaps!

Jonny: We had to cough and look away, didn't we! [all laugh]

Actually, I believe you as well! They're called Radiohead, they're going off to Portland – great show last night – we're going to play another cut, I think this is my favourite from the album, from the new one, it's called High and Dry. Thank you very much for being here.

Ed: Thanks alot.

Jonny: Thank you

Radiohead, everybody, on 107.7, "The End". [High and Dry.]

Thanks to Julianne T Miller for supplying a copy of this interview

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